

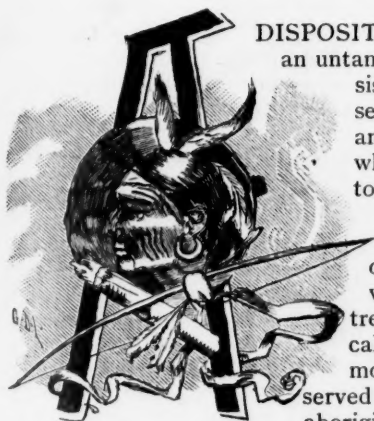
FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 3.

A GLANCE AT THE INDIAN QUESTION.



DISPOSITION to consider the red man an untamable animal that lingers persistently in the white man's path seems the natural outgrowth of an impatient crowding of the whites upon the inviting territory, over which, for a long period, the Indian has been dominant. In the haste of occupation, development, or whatever the steady westward trending of the whites may be called, little that operates to modify this view has been observed of the normal features of aboriginal life, for there has been

neither time nor inclination on the part of the multitude to stop and examine it critically; besides, the feeling of responsibility for an error of opinion is not so poignant where the common assertion, and not the individual observation, is acted upon—hence, the Western cynicism, “All the good Indians are dead,” is generally accepted as an established truth—a concession to prejudice and self-interest entirely unworthy a Christianized people.

In the old days when we were in closer and more equal contact with the native American, there was immediate need to study and understand his nature, and our careful and slower-going progenitors found, in what they observed of his character, some human features to admire and some to respect. In their crude analysis of his savagery were observed strong religious elements and not a few traces of gentle sensibility, so it came about that various individuals were specified in history as illustrations of the savage nature's nobility; but, if yet among the scattered fragments of these ancient tribes there remains a Powhattan, a Pocahontas, or even a Logan, his existence has not

been brought to general notice, and the opinion flourishes that the old-time Indian with human feeling and traits of magnanimity was a creature of imagination, a myth of the too highly poetic fancy of our forefathers. This opinion, engendered perhaps by a covetous desire to possess his lands, and strengthened by an experience with his barbarisms in modern wars, has prevailed for a long period, and in episodes of quiet, his tendency to isolation and his too apparent reliance upon the bounties of nature have only served to confirm it. The white man's bias is therefore strong, and it will be difficult to change a view so clearly outlined and so long entertained. Nevertheless, there are some interested onlookers who believe the Indian is a sentient being with a soul, a creature who thinks, feels and acts, normally, as other men, and who is entitled to full consideration as an element in the common measure of mankind.

From the meagerness of his tribal tongue—for each tribe has its distinctive language, which is not merely idiomatic—whatever may be the Indian's thoughts or feelings, it is generally difficult to gather from his words a clear understanding of what they are, and his real inner self is not easily reached by the indifferent and unpsychological who, practically, rush by him. His small vocabulary being formed only to enable him to distinguish between the few natural and necessary objects by which his remote life is surrounded, what he tries to say must be confined to this close limit and all his words figuratively allied with these material things, so his personification and his strong metaphor come abruptly to the many-worded white, and his meaning is not clearly divined, though from some of the more gifted, oral utterances, combined with the universal language of signs, is so eloquent, picturesque, and of such startling force that even the most sluggish mind will comprehend.

While many of those who are industriously pushing westward may never come to look upon the aboriginal as anything other than an impediment to progress—the progress that means white occupancy and the utilization of all material in nature—there are some who have seen him in the light of Christianity, which implies that he is something more than an obstacle to be removed, a creature with some rights that other creatures should respect, and a possible, if not probable, co-laborer for the accomplishment of a common end, and, as time advances, it may be that a similar philanthropy to that which remonstrated against, and finally succeeded in destroying, African slavery in this country will invite for him a popular championship.

While it can be said to our credit as a people that the general Government has not been wanting in either purpose or effort to

ameliorate the condition of the Indian by promoting his civilization, it is a lamentable truth that its influence has not been sufficient to overcome an insidious opposing force that has persistently encouraged his savagery by doing everything in its power to incense and enrage him, so that he has been often in the attitude of antagonizing the Government when it was really his desire not to do so. It is altogether to his natural feeling of resentment for wrongs done him by this element, and not to any naturally vicious disposition, that the country is indebted for its Indian troubles during the last half century.

This situation is now becoming generally understood, and there is an undercurrent of popular sympathy coming rapidly to the surface, which must, at no very distant period, flow to the substantial advantage of the wandering few that remain of this once numerous and still proud race. The relief will come from the people acting in concert with the Government, from true philanthropy and self-respect, rather than from the self-interest, upon which at least some Indian aid societies are based.

Naturally a few mistakes have been made in the Government's long effort to civilize the Indian, and the only wonder is that they have not been more numerous and more serious, for looking at the policy as a whole from the inception, considering the nature of the Indian, his antecedents and his surroundings, we may well doubt whether any other country, Christian or pagan, would have been at like inconvenience, under like circumstances, to care for him at all, and it is probable that with another than the Caucasian race there would have been no such forbearance, and within a much shorter period the entire race of the red man exterminated. It is true that nearly all of our lands were acquired of the Indians by conquest, for whatever we may say of voluntary cessions and honorable purchase the fact remains that behind all dealings with these simple, ignorant and defenseless people stood the armed and invincible European, who would have employed force had diplomacy failed, and whatever may have been the means, the end was inevitable. But this was the doing of the people of a dead century, and those of succeeding years have not felt that they owed reparation for a wrong not immediately theirs. They have not even been sensible of the fact that the conquest has continued through their time. They have considered everything theirs. The resistance of the Indian has been met and overcome; his lands have been occupied; his villages destroyed; his natural inclinations restrained, and he treated throughout as the invader, but still the forbearance of the white is manifest in the fact that the red man exists.

The mistakes referred to consisted chiefly in placing the Indian upon lands so remote from civilizing influences that no change in his habits was effected, in considering him so wild that he could not be tamed by association, and in leading him to think that the Government would always provide for his support. As an initial step, the plan of reserving lands to be held by the tribes in common was well enough, perhaps the best and only available means of establishing governmental relations with him, but the care should have been to bring him in such proximity with the whites that he could profit from observation. This was not always practicable, but it should have been done whenever circumstances would admit, and that was in numerous instances. It was not through isolation that his better nature could be reached, for left alone to his predatory and shiftless habits, the maintenance of his tribal organizations, the practice of his heathen rites, and with no opportunity to observe what fruits result from labor, his ignorance, his superstition and his wildness were encouraged rather than subdued. True it is that in the natural course of events the whites began to crowd around these distant reserves, but this was looked upon as an aggression, an infringement of the Indian's right to remain alone and undisturbed, and he began to think the Government was not acting in good faith. Then came lawless invasions of his territory, real aggressions that he resisted with arms and from which resulted many and more serious conflicts. It came at last to a clamorous demand that these reservations should not remain idle, that they be opened to agriculture, mining, timber-cutting and such other industries as were available, but the Indian refused and the white man was not restrained. Encroachments were made upon the lands of the red man, and in turn the red man went depredating upon the lands of the whites.

From the difficulties growing out of this the Government sought relief in the plan of allotting lands in severalty to the tribes. It was seen that if the Indians continued to hold large tracts of productive but uncultivated land in the midst of lands devoted to agriculture, these contentions would never come to an end except in the Indian's ultimate extermination, and this plan appeared the most favorable for a final solution. If the Indian could be induced to give up his tribal relations, abandon his old habits, and try to live as the white man, there was no good reason why he should not succeed; at least the experiment was worth trying, and to that end the Government laid the proposal before the tribes on several reservations and found no great difficulty in forming treaties. The terms of what is known as the Severalty Act are now pretty well understood by the tribes upon

all the reserves, and they are received with more or less favor, according to the location of a tribe and its present natural advantages. Those that happen to occupy lands of the better class in the immediate vicinity of prosperous white settlements have shown a prompt willingness to accept the terms, while some that are less favorably situated and further removed from the influences of the white man's example are disinclined, and will not readily yield to the persuasion of commissioners sent by the Government to treat with them. Public attention has been drawn to the trial of this experiment, and it has invited a good deal of discussion, most of which is from a standpoint of prejudice and much from a superficial knowledge of the Indian character.

That the Indian can be brought to live as the white man, reclaimed from the wilderness and applied to social uses, is the great point to be determined, and in reaching a conclusion as to its practicability, there are several important questions to be considered :

First—Is the Indian an irreclaimable savage ?

Second—If he can be tamed can he be rendered self-sustaining ?

Third—Taken in infancy can he be brought to the development of the average human intellect ?

Fourth—Is there any injustice to the Indians in the plan of individual allotment of land ?

If the great majority of persons who consider the Indian at all were not mere reflectors of the opinions of others there would be little necessity for any answer to the first question, but, unfortunately, the foolish declaration "that the good Indian is the dead Indian" has become a national euphony, and there are many who will be surprised to hear of any Indian quality that is not entirely savage.

That he should remember his birthright and feel that his heritage has been usurped is nothing more than is expected of a civilized man who has suffered in like manner, and that his oppressions have sometimes driven him to acts of barbarism is not more than we have seen from the civilized dynamiters in the very Parliament house of England. It is, therefore, absurd to measure the Indian only by his passion and his violence. He is like other men, and has his good as well as his bad features.

At a late council on the Umatilla Reservation in Oregon, Young-Chief's-Son, the leader of a band of about two hundred Cayuse, spoke as follows :

"The Indian stands upon an island—the sea is all around him—the sun looks upon it at every side—far as the eye goes

the sea goes. It is white—the white waves are hurrying to the shore—they are down upon the sand—they are at his feet—they dash upon his blanket—soon one great white wave will wash over all—there will be no dry land, no Indian."

This delivered in the strong dialect of the Nez-Perces, a language used for intercommunication among all the tribes of the Pacific coast, was pathetic and forcible. It came just before the council adjourned, and was the last outcry of a strong nature against what it felt was a great wrong. This Indian had opposed the proposal to accept lands in severalty upon that reserve, but it was decided against him by a large majority of the confederated bands of Cayuse, Walla-Walla and Umatilla Indians to whom the reservation belongs. It was not a savage utterance, although Young-Chief's-Son was unchristianized and his entire band were "drummers" and believers in medicine-men. With characteristic integrity he yielded to the decision of the vote, and while he could not refrain from declaring in this manner his profound sorrow, he and all his band joined with the others in directing where the lands to be allotted should be located.

Such utterances are not exceptional. They come in similar and frequently in more vivid form to the every-day intercourse that the white man of average intelligence has with them, and the impression is left that whatever may be his restraints of action the Indian thinks and feels with undeniable sensibility. It could scarcely be otherwise with a race that claims the proudest and most ancient lineage, that has been overwhelmed but never conquered, that is not and can not be servile, that lives almost entirely in its traditions—traditions that abound with events illustrating courage, tenderness, endurance, magnanimity and many other of the higher human attributes. They have no written annals, no picture-history, for their scarred trees have died out, their monumental stones are thrown down, and even the grave-places of their fathers, which they try to keep sacred, are obliterated, but their stories are told in the *E-neet*^{*} and the children of to-day have learned what the grandfathers heard in their infancy. Of course much of this is fanciful, but it serves the purpose, and this generation is imbued with the idea that it comes of a glorious generation, the dust of which is scattered.

At one time, in the early part of this century, the tribe of Cayuse to which Young-Chief's-Son belongs, and of which Show-a-way, an excellent man, is now the chief, dominated all that part of the Northwest beyond the Rocky Mountains and above the California line to the limits of settlement in British Columbia, and its chief was the head-chief or ruler of many

^{*}Wigwam.

other tribes, holding absolute power, making peace or war with other nations at will, and in all respects autocratic and unchallenged in authority. He was the typical savage, blood-thirsty as he was powerful, and without a trait that the descendants of his tribe now recall with any evidence of pride. They look upon him as the descendants of the Cæsars might look upon Tiberius, Caligula or Nero, the dark character in their history.

For several years this tribe was hostile to the whites, resisting with great brutality the approach of settlers, harassing and frequently destroying whole emigrant trains, and giving no little trouble to the bodies of soldiers sent out to protect the young white communities. Their many deeds of blood not only gave the Cayuse reputation as remorseless savages, but they were the means of forming a really savage character for what, under another leadership, might have been a simple, earnest and inoffensive people; though looking at the modern development of the general Indian nature, some nice observers infer that he is only what the white man makes him.

Not more than fifty years ago, if indeed so long, this conspicuous chief was succeeded by Howli Swampo, a man of very different character, and one who in the religious belief of all the remaining tribes of the old nation was greater than any predecessors. His first act, upon assuming authority as chief, was to declare that no more white blood should be spilled, and that Cayuse Station, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, which had been for years a slaughter-pen of the whites, should be made a safe harbor and resting place for all emigrant trains that struggled through, and they were not only to go unmolested, but were to be provided with such necessary supplies as he could furnish. In strict accordance with this, the emigrant trail was opened and many trains were furnished with beef-cattle, dried salmon, **kamas*, **kouse*, and such other articles of food as the tribe could dispense with. Thus, without coercion, without treaty, and altogether from his own clear sense of right, he declared a peace and proclaimed himself the friend of mankind. He was broad-minded, courageous, and far above the moral and intellectual standard of his fellows, and it was not long until he had lifted them from the plane of the baser passions and prejudices upon which they had moved to a grade of humanity nearly approaching his own. It required both intellect and moral courage to make this revolution at that time, and Howli Swampo exhibited both. His relations with the whites not only continued friendly up to the time of his death, but he proved a valuable ally to the Government in its frequent bloody contentions with hostile tribes, and it is not assuming too much to say

*One a bulbous and one a fibrous root, and both used as substitutes for bread.

that this single example makes clear the Indian's moral nature and shows that it is easily controlled and only requires a proper directing agency.

These features, indicative of worthiness for membership in a civilized community, were strongly supplemented by others appearing in the character and career of Howli Swampo. He was careful, provident and watchful of the comfort and general welfare of his people, especially in the matter of their relations with other tribes. He developed good executive ability in providing subsistence. His young men were diligent and successful in their hunting expeditions, his older men seldom failed in securing the full year's supply of salmon from the regular spring runs in the Columbia and its tributaries, and his squaws with their children, **hat-soos* and **pe-teels*, gathered from contiguous mountains all the *kamas*, *kouse* and other herbs used in their simple economy. Besides these, he exercised general superior supervision over their herds of horses and cattle, and saw that they were kept in good condition.

He became the richest chief on the coast, possessing at one time, in his own right, as many as ten thousand native and mixed blood horses, almost an equal number of cattle and several *e-neets* (wigwams) filled with blankets, chiefly manufactured by the Arrapahoes and tribes further south in the direction of Mexico. These and all his property, he accumulated only for ultimate distribution among "his children," which term comprehended all the members of his tribe, and to whom, before and after his death, his entire estate was equally apportioned. Adhering to what has been a general Indian custom, he made no open distinction between the children born of his several wives and those that came of the tribe at large—they were all "his children," as he expressed it, and money, horses, cattle and blankets were given alike to each. At times, he held large sums in gold, derived from sales of horses and cattle to white men of California and settlers in the territory contiguous to him, and the belief that he hoarded and buried much of it still prevails with the tribe, though the average Indian has little regard for gold and would not go far out of his way to unearth the treasures of a Captain Kidd.

There was one instance in which he discriminated in favor of a member of his immediate family, and that the tribe recalls with more pleasure than reproach. One day he took his favorite daughter Terese, who is now the wife of Ye-tin-e-ow-it-z, and called in compliment to her lineage, "Queen of the Confederate Bands," to a point on the banks of the Umatilla River, which flows through the reservation, and in her presence buried

Hat-soos, sons; *pe-teels*, daughters.

a tin can containing two thousand dollars in gold, telling her to mark the spot as the money was to be hers when he should die. A short time prior to his death, Terese had the misfortune to become entirely blind, and after the burial of the old chief, conducted by her husband, she made frequent visits to the locality and searched in vain for the treasure. Providentially, however, a year or two later, her sight was partially restored, and she went directly to the spot and found the can with its contents just as the old chief had deposited it. This was a real occurrence and is well authenticated; but the statement that the old chief had a habit of hiding gold in auger holes bored in cottonwood trees is scarcely entitled to credit, since in the improvident cutting of timber along the banks of the Umatilla, where the secretions are said to have been made, no such discovery has been brought to light.

Howli Swampo combined in his own person all the powers of government, the legislative, judicial and executive. He made the laws, decided as to their interpretation and saw to the inflicting of penalties for their infraction. He was wise, equitable, and heard patiently all causes with magisterial dignity. There was no appeal from his decisions, and they were invariably respected. Some of them were not exactly in conformity with the civilized view, but some had kinship to the peculiar wisdom of Solomon. A number of instances are given of his rapid and intelligent judgments, but one will suffice:

Two members of his tribe claimed the same horse, an animal that had been retaken from the Snakes and Bannocks after their hostile invasion, about twelve years ago, and he heard the statement and all the proof produced by each without being able to determine the ownership, so he directed the contestants to go out in the prairie and drive their bands of horses to the vicinity of an indicated point, which being done, he had the disputed animal taken between the two bands and turned loose. With a loud neigh the horse galloped off and joined one of the bands, and the ownership was at once accorded to the owner of that band. Those acquainted with the character of the wild horse of the plains, his unfailing memory and his strong attachment for associates, will readily understand the justice of this decision.

Like most of his race the old chief was devoted to fleet horses, the exciting contests of the turf, and at all times, being the possessor of swift runners, he was ready for a trial of speed. One of his most noted racers was a horse called Silver-tail, and it was probably the most distinguished racer on the Pacific coast during its long career. It had never lost a race, and the

tribe with superstitious belief regarded it invincible, but a party of white men at Walla-Walla, forty miles away, had a contrary opinion, and having imported a thoroughbred from the States, challenged the old chief for the usual six-mile race, which banter was, of course, promptly accepted, and the time and place for the sport designated. When the day arrived, the challengers, with a number of Indians of other tribes, came down and the preliminaries, which consisted simply of wagering everything they had, were speedily arranged. The Indian is an inveterate gambler in the one particular of horse racing, and there is nothing he will not venture in support of his judgment or his prejudices in such a contest. Everything goes, money, horses, cattle, blankets, arms, pipes and all articles of wearing apparel; nothing that can be lifted, carried or led away is withheld. This race was over a straight course, three miles to a stake and return, in all, six well-measured miles, a distance requiring wind and endurance, and none but hardy horses are able to contend upon it. Greatly to the discomfort of the challengers, Silver-tail came out a full quarter of a mile in advance of the thoroughbred, and left them fairly divested of everything. There was not a horse left among them, and they were forty miles from Walla-Walla, and but for the characteristic generosity of the old chief they would have gone painfully the long distance on foot. He provided each with a pony and advised them to come no more, as "the arrow does not fly faster than Silver-tail."

The death of Howli Swampo occurred in his e-neet upon the reservation about ten years ago, when he was supposed to have reached the age of sixty-eight. He was buried in the Cayuse graveyard, two miles from the agency, and a marble headstone now marks the spot. According to the tribal custom, some of his personal effects were deposited in the grave with his remains; these included a considerable sum of money in gold and some United States bank-notes, and the cupidity of some white persons being aroused from a knowledge of the circumstance, the grave was violated and the gold taken away. The paper money was not found by them, but was afterwards removed and distributed among "his children." He is succeeded by his brother, Show-a-way, who is quite as good, if not so great a man.

The fitness of the Indians generally for moral and social advancement could not be better exemplified than in the regard which they have shown for the memory of such a ruler as this old and honorable Cayuse.

But the idea of apportioning the lands in severalty to the Indians comprehends something more than these characteristics

indicate. Proper sensibility and reasoning powers are necessary to membership in society, and if the Indian is to enter the social boundary of the white man he must possess these qualities in a degree that proves he is not the brute some people count him ; but something more is required if he is to come in and live as the white man. The Government plan involves the complete destruction of the authority of the Indian chief, the breaking up of all tribal relations, the abandonment of all wild customs and the taking on of habits of industry and individual responsibility. There must be no plurality of wives, no exchanging or "throwing away" of women, no killing of horses over the graves of the dead, no burning of houses in honor of the dead, and no idolatrous worship of piles of stones or other rite of paganism. It means plainly that the Indian shall be no longer a listless, idle drone, but that he must assist nature in providing for his support, that he must earn his bread, give up his sentiment of vanity, which is miscalled pride, in its relation to labor, and go as the white man does behind the plow and into the harvest field. He must no longer rely upon his squaw for all menial offices, but he must take part in the common effort of mankind to live by labor.

This is the second point to be considered, and it is the difficult one, though it is by no means so difficult that it can not be overcome and the fact established that an Indian's training to habits of industry will be more than paid for in his after usefulness to society.

Already, in the withdrawal of the Government's bounty from the tribes upon several reservations, the work of driving them to labor has been commenced, and its fair results are discovered. Hunger is a rude but successful teacher, and rather than starve, where there is nothing to steal, almost any human being would go to the plow. Necessity has driven some and example others, and through these agencies the habits and inclinations of the whole race can be revolutionized. In localities where the reserved lands are productive and the Indian is permitted to cultivate as much land as he chooses to put under fence, a number of successful adventures in agriculture can be shown ; a few in almost every tribe, located where the lands are suited, have made the experiment and proven themselves quite the equal of the white man. Their example is slowly, but perceptibly, followed, and larger or smaller enclosures, with crops of corn or wheat, are sprinkled over nearly every reservation. The prosperity of one begets a desire in another to become also prosperous, and though the majority are sluggish and disinclined to labor or cultivate habits of industry, there is reasonable hope for all.

On the Umatilla Reservation, the population of which is about

one thousand, there are as many as thirty large and really successful farmers, while, perhaps, more than one hundred are small tillers of the soil who content themselves with growing a little corn and a little wheat, but these are not fair samples of the general reservation Indian, because the lands are exceptionally good here and yield generously to little effort; besides the raising of cattle and horses upon the nutritious and never-failing grass renders the question of his subsistence one of easy settlement. In this respect the Indian is not unlike the average white man who is content to subsist with as little labor as he can expend. If field work were an absolute necessity, as it will be when the lands are allotted and the grazing fields redeemed to agriculture, there can be little doubt that the Indian will resort to the plow. Those who now raise wheat, corn and hay are generally men of higher personal credit than those who only look after their bands of horses and cattle, for, it may be said, that either of the thirty farmers referred to can go to a contiguous town, and without money or produce, buy whatever he needs of any regular merchant. This speaks well alike for his moral and his business character, for there is no way of collecting a debt against a reservation Indian if he chooses not to pay.

There is one difficulty in the severalty plan that must be obviated before it can become a complete success, and that is with reference to the unequal productive power of the reserved lands from which allotments may be made. There is a marked difference in the fertility of the several reservations, some being of the best, and some of the very worst, quality. The influence of climate, proximity to market and other points of advantage must be carefully looked to by the Government. Unless the Indian is placed upon land that will yield fruit to his labor, it can not be expected that the experiment will succeed, and in this trial it would be wise to give him the fairest opportunity.

On some of the reservations, notably in Arizona, northern Dakota and northern Montana, very little of the land is fitted for agriculture or for any other industrial purposes, and these lands should not be allotted; but fortunately, the greater part of the territory held by the Indians comprises the choice lands of the great West.

In other pursuits the Indian has had little or no experience. A few good carpenters, blacksmiths and wheelwrights may be observed on each large reservation, but as a general thing they do not incline to mechanical labor, and not much can be expected in that direction except from such as have had advantage of the Eastern schools. The hope of present usefulness from the adult Indian must be in his willingness to cultivate and derive subsistence from the land assigned to him, and that hope, from all indi-

cations, is a reasonable one. The proportion of white men who succeed as farmers will be found not much, if any, greater than the proportion of Indians when this experiment is fairly tried.

The third point to be considered is the question of school education, the capacity of the young Indian to acquire and retain knowledge, and the probability of his applying it rightly to the common purposes of civilized life. This can be satisfactorily determined by the testimony of many witnesses of the natural aptitude and intelligence of young Indians now in the numerous schools conducted by the Government. These institutions are as honestly and as wisely conducted as are the better class of common schools for white children in the several States. They are under the very best supervision, because the general Government is a better paymaster than the State and can employ the most desirable instructors, besides the system of reports and inspections is complete, and there is little or no opportunity for the practice of any fraud.

Upon all the reservations there are one or more boarding schools—industrial chiefly—and the general attendance is quite equal to that in an equivalent white population. The same, or very similar, disciplinary rules are employed, and with the exception that for grave infractions a scholar may be locally imprisoned, the punishments are the same. What seems a difficulty and a hardship, but what is really a wise provision, is the common rule that no language except the English shall be spoken in these institutions. It is a severe test, but the children undergo it bravely, and in a much shorter time than would be generally expected, they are able to express themselves in reasonably good English. They are more tractable than white children, obedient, truthful, industrious, and, after a very little training, anxious to learn and ambitious to excel. They are taken directly from the wigwams, their blankets, leggings and moccasins thrown aside, and provided with good, comfortable clothing such as is worn by school-children everywhere. It is left optional with them whether their long hair shall be cut, and the result is that very few of the boys are seen with long braids or loose flowing locks.

At the e-neets or wigwams the Indian children, male as well as female, are little else than slaves from the time they are able to bear burdens, hence the majority of them are anxious to attend the schools, and there is little difficulty in obtaining a fair attendance on any reservation. The parents frequently object—at least the squaws—who, being servants themselves, are anxious to be served, and frequently a child is kept at the wigwam until its health is so impaired that it can be of use no longer, then the mother consents to a separation.

Upon nearly all of the reservations there are now young Indians of either sex who read, write and speak the English language quite as well as white persons having no better advantages. True, their association with whites has been limited, but such as they have met have been of the better class, and they are morally, if not intellectually, equal.

The question of the young Indian's ability and willingness to learn is practically settled. There is no doubt of it, and the Government has wisely foreseen the intellectual improvement of the race through its reservation and other schools, and hence the lands now being allotted in severalty are held in trust by the Government for a period of twenty-five years in order that the ignorant fathers of to-day may not deprive the children who a quarter of a century hence will be competent to look after their own interests.

The assertion has been made by persons, either not well-informed or selfishly inclined, that the Government is not dealing fairly with the Indian when it opens the reservations and makes the allotments in severalty. The argument is that the original reservation treaties were perpetual grants which the Government was in honor bound to respect and which the Indian can not alienate. It is difficult to see by what reasoning an opinion can be reached that these Indians have not the power to enter into another treaty by which their condition will be so greatly improved. The Severalty Act provides that the consent of the tribes shall be first obtained before any lands are allotted to individuals, and this is done by a treaty, which is ratified by a majority vote. In no instance thus far has there been a very close contest, but in every case the voice of the majority has been overwhelming.

Under the reservation plan any Indian was permitted to cultivate as much land as he chose to put under fence, and the Government undertook to protect him and his heirs in its occupancy. This was done to encourage agriculture and industry, but its unwisdom was rendered manifest in a few years by the circumstance that upon several reservations a few enterprising Indians became possessors of all the most productive lands, and the masses of the tribes were without the means of subsistence. No matter how strong may have been the inclination to live as white men by labor, they had no means of doing so because the sands and the rocks would yield no fruits. From this, as from other causes, the severalty plan became an obvious necessity, and instead of being an injustice it will prove the greatest blessing that the Government can bestow upon the race.

Henry T. Stanton.



QUATRAINS.

BECALMED.

Wave after wave of dreams ;
Upon the sea of thought not one white sail
Give me to scan the outer coast in gleams,
Or overwhelm me in the gale.

BIRTHS.

Poems are sung into the poet's soul
Although he house with swine, and pictures come
Unto the painter on the rain's wet wings
That issue suddenly from the caves of storm.

HESPERUS.

Lamp of the limitless blue, censor of dusky-haired shadows,
Under thee rushes the Night like a lover embracing the Earth !
Cool are the kine on the fields ; warm are the dews on the
meadows ;
Whispers the wheat on the hills like a bearded king in his
mirth.

Charles J. O'Malley.



FOR FUN AND FOR MONEY.



HERE was once a man who had three sons—three sons of record. When the youngest of the three was seventeen years of age his wife bore him another, which made four. Then she died and left the man with the four sons of record. But he was used to responsibility. He sent the three eldest to college and got a nurse and had the babe taken care of. It did not need much encouragement. It grew apace and in more than stature. Good fortune slept at the foot of its cradle, and was its servant. The sicknesses that usually beset a small child's life passed by the motherless babe. Neither measles nor chicken-pox set mark on him, nor could cholera shake loose the hardy little life. The child grew as a man child should—in strength and stature and love. When scarcely out of his baby clothes he made his nurse obey him as his father could not, and she was a slave.

As was said, the child had brothers—three of them—but though good youths their father did not love them as he did the sturdy little black-curled tyrant that began his life by costing the life of her who was dearer to the master than all else.

All this happened in the year 1791. The master was a wealthy man. A fief from the English crown to his father of twenty miles of river and mountain, of fertile lowgrounds and timbered highlands, gave him prestige and power. He managed his estate with skill and his people with justice. When the winter rains flushed the river he loaded the long flatboats with the bags and hogsheads of his crops and sent them to the city markets. His name and prosperity grew in favor and strength. So the unobtrusive years slid by and little by little changed the great grief for the dead wife into love for the live son. His three eldest boys came from college. He gave them each a place on the river—Mountevideo, Bonair and Soldier's Joy. They married wives and went to their respective places and lived there. And, we may add, after a time died.

But the child Henry staid with his father, as dear to the father as the family name. So the father set about to raise the boy as his brothers had been raised, and train him according to the custom of those days. But the boy would have none of it, and as he increased in age he often made the master grave by

his adventurous pranks and fearless resistance to parental authority. That last was a serious thing in those days. Obedience on the part of a son to his father was considered an obligation as absolute as the fear of God on the part of the father. So the two, the father and son, clashed. And in the wisdom of his years the master determined that to save the soul of his son Henry it would be necessary to first break his spirit. For one day the master held his mind, and for him to hold his mind was to act. It is not necessary to go into details. They were not unusual for that day. Furthermore, only the master and his body servant knew them. That is, knew them all. Suffice it to say that when the master left his son the evening of that day, left him bruised and insensible, with white lips still bent with untamable obstinacy or pride, he, who had grown old in dealing with other men, who had broken the pride of an African chief and conquered the spirits of three of his own blood, admitted to himself that night as he walked slowly up and down his chamber, turning the matter over in his mind, that were the field fair between himself and his youngest son, it would be a question as to which would break the other.

In the morning, a quiet country May morning it was, he had about concluded to abandon his determination and see what he could do from the other side of his son's character; for he knew the boy to be loving as well as lovable, and reasonable when approached with reason. As he went toward his son's chamber, with every step he took this seemed the wiser course.

The twelve-year-old negro boy that waited on Henry lay asleep on the mat in front of the door, his head pillowed on one of his little master's shoes, which was wet, as also was the dirty sleeve of his cotton shirt. He stood respectfully, shamefacedly to one side as the father opened the door of the room, which was empty. Henry had gone. He had left no word. No scrap of writing. But he had left everything else, except the clothes he wore. The money from those, the watch, run down, were on the untroubled bed. The father was at first surprised and then angry that a son of his, a member of his family, should stoop to such a cowardly action as to run away from home. His anger against his son became as intense as his former love had been, and only died with him. But he wondered, even to the end, how a son of his could have had such a sinfully obstinate nature.

Henry went to the city of Norfolk and shipped as a hand before the mast. The manner of his shipping was characteristic, and may be worth recording. Ten days after his trouble at home he was in Norfolk, whither he had walked and worked

his way. He had made up his mind to go to sea, partly because of a boyish love for adventure, but principally because he knew of no other way of earning a living. As soon as this was determined, with his father's energy and promptitude, he set about to carry his decision into action. He went down to the docks and looked at all the vessels lying in the Roads. Henry was *born* into the world with the love of the sea, as he was born with the fear of men. He had never seen a ship before, but he soon made up his mind that a keen-looking, two-masted schooner, whose slender spars seemed to tower higher than those on any other vessel in sight, was the vessel for him. The first person he questioned on inquiring for her captain happened to be one of the crew, who told him the vessel in question would weigh anchor with the tide, and if he desired to see the captain he could wait there by the captain's gig. So he did and made known his wish. The captain was a judge of men, as we shall see. He took the measure of the youth who spoke to him. He noted the signs of blood and strength and courage, and he quickly made up his mind that he could use him. He shipped him before the mast at ten dollars per month. They cleared the capes and took a course three points south of due east. Henry had shipped under the name of John. The quartermaster had not asked him his last name and he had not given one; nor had he asked where the vessel was bound or how long the cruise or on what business. He shipped as John, and the second day out he took exception to a remark of the captain's, addressed to himself, whereupon the captain laid him out senseless with a belaying pin. Then he had him brought into his cabin and put into his own bunk, and the captain was by when John returned to consciousness. The conversation that then took place is not on record, but it was remarked by the crew that ever afterward there was unquestioned authority on the one side, and fearless obedience on the other. The captain, as I have said, was a judge of men. He should have been, for he dealt in them.

Two years passed, and John, as second mate, had helped run the gauntlet with two cargoes of slaves, when the war of 1812 was declared.

Then the captain took thought. After taking thought he took a thirty-pound bowchaser, fifteen feet from vent to muzzle and bright brass, and side battery. Also he took a crew of seventy-five of the worst off-scourings of humanity that could be collected from Cape Charles to the Keys. He materially changed the nature of his cargo, and put to sea—but not to Africa. He was provided with letters of marque, and he lay in the track of the East India trade.

Ten days after sailing he returned to port. His rigging looked a little the worse for wear. The breech of the nice new thirty-pounder, that rose and fell with the heaving bow, flashed iridescently in the sun, and the whole gun, indeed the whole vessel, had a look both wicked and wise. Also, he who went out with seventy-five men came back with but forty-five. But the schooner was accompanied by another vessel. The other vessel was in a worse condition than the schooner. She looked hugely worn and greasily wealthy. And when she was sold as a prize she made the captain more good, honest money than three successful African trips. The captain shipped thirty more sailors of the class of the first, laid in a hole full of raw and cold victuals, and weighed anchor again.

* The life then John led was one after his own heart in those days, and when the captain used to watch him at the head of a boarding party of twenty murderous scoundrels, climbing, capless and grinning, over the side of some luckless merchantman into the leaping clouds of musket smoke, he knew, the captain knew, that he had been wise at the time of high tide some time before, just before he had stepped into his gig. And if the captain loved aught on earth besides money, he loved his second mate.

One day the captain sent for his second mate, and John reported in his superior's cabin. The captain was dying of a fever, and had been for three days, and not a soul on the vessel had guessed it. When he knew he was to die, he sent for his second mate and gave to him the vessel, his instruments, his authority. Then he died, and John called the officers and crew aft that evening and announced the captain's death. Also that the command of the vessel was then vested in him. To this action the first mate took exception, and went so far as to declare he would not serve under the new arrangement. At least he was on the point of so declaring when John drew his pistol and blew two large slugs through the head of the first mate. There was silence after that, and obedience.

Now, if the schooner had been a thorn in the side of English commerce under Captain Paul, she was a blazing scourge under Captain Jack. His favorite playground was off Hatteras two or three hundred miles, and south of that. Those who came after him have said unkind things about Captain Jack. They have alleged that he construed his letters of marque too broadly. Maybe the captain was color-blind. And the flag of England is a little flag, and may be mistaken a long way off, especially through the spurting smoke of that impartial bowchaser. The story is told of his having once laid alongside of one of the ships of the line—King George's Line. That story, if true, is

a stain on the record of Captain Jack. The story tells of a plank stretched out over the sea, and the admiral got no more reports from that captain.

The chronicles that tell of the doings of Captain Jack are few. The stories of him are many, and, allowing for the exaggeration that must have accrued as they passed from mouth to mouth, his career seems like a romance. If he at times disregarded the precise words of his letters of marque, as has been said he did, he was the last of the rovers. Certain it is, had an English cruiser ever sent an officer aboard him, to stay there alive, the captain, our captain, would unquestionably have joggled from the end of a yard-arm, the crossed jack at the fore peak, which he had so often cut down, shot down, hauled down, or otherwise lowered. But an English captain never sent an officer aboard of him to stay there long, except as a non-combatant.

After the Peace of Paris Captain Jack discharged his crew, beached his schooner, burned her and buried his treasure. This last only perhaps, for there is no mention of the incident in the data from which this history is taken. But the captain was ever a provident man, and discreet, and there is no mention to show that he didn't bury his treasure in the orthodox fashion, with a corpse or two to keep it company.

The flames that swept up the rigging and climbed the delicate spars of the schooner marked the apex of her captain's career, for with the light of the burning vessel on the lonely Florida key fades all trace of Captain Jack. He does not appear in the files of the English Admiralty as Captain Jack; but in those files of eighty years ago the man hereinbefore described is mentioned, and often, by the captains sent out to look for and sink or capture, when they found, that troublesome two-master. He is mentioned in those old reports as a pirate by the captains that didn't find him, and as a twice qualified pirate by those that did.

There is a legend that the captain, before he died, came back, unknown, to look at the river and mountains he had left in anger and pride so many moons before. And that he built him a little house on a certain cliff overlooking a magnificent view of the river and its tumbling rapids, and lived there alone till he died. But I do not believe this. It is touching, but the evidence is too slight. I can more easily believe that he buried a four-horse wagon load of gold and silver and jewels, and that some of his brother's descendants will, some day, find them. I think a reasonable, matter-of-fact death is more in keeping with the captain's practical character. Be that as it may,

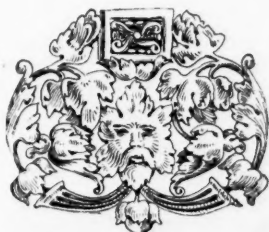
taking his life as it is known, though the honesty of his profession might be questioned from a strictly ethical standpoint, the descendants of his brothers, from one of whom I have this history, are all proud of their buccaneer uncle who blew King George's ships out of the water whenever he chose, for fun and for money.

Francis Barraud Cabell.

"MULIER VINUMQUE."

LET us float onward, love ! It is a dream—
 A dream that fades ere yet the hour be spent ;
 A dream of moonlit meadows and the scent
 Of flowers far-blown across a silent stream.
 Watch the wine's bubbles rise and burst ! They seem
 Not unfit symbols of our souls uppent
 Astrive for liberty. Ay, Fate has sent
 This topaz-shimmering liquid to redeem
 Life of its emptiness. O, drink with me !
 The foam brims o'er thy cup, and on thy lip
 Linger the languorous drops as loth to fly
 So sweet a bed. Look, I will play the bee,
 And from thy petal-purs'd mouth I'll sip
 Thick-lotused Lethe till I faintly swoon and die.

Francois S. Jones.



“DIVINE DISCONTENT.”

MISS EDGEWORTH was accused of treason by the English critics of her day for having expressed the wish that the peasants of Ireland might become “discontented.” In this wish, Miss Edgeworth was only alluding to the error, often made in the confusion of ignorance, of classing amongst the virtues and dignifying with the name of “content,” the indolence, apathy, aimlessness and hopelessness of mere animal contentment. If we accept history and experience as authority we must believe that this easy acquiescence in conventional creeds and customs, this ready acceptance of surrounding conditions, this “taking no thought for to-morrow,” engenders an irresponsibility that destroys individuality and originality, retards civilization, and is the most pregnant source of the misery of the world—especially of that arising from the most prominent evil of the social system—poverty. It is the deadly torpor of barbarism. “Give us paradox, give us error, give us what you will, so that you save us from stagnation,” says Buckle. Progress—the desire of amelioration—is the distinguishing characteristic of man, and progress is dependent on change, which is the natural result of a stirring dissatisfaction with existing conditions. This is the “divine discontent,” the restless longing for the infinite—it may be the unattainable—which keeps truth and justice and liberty and love alive in the world, and which urges us forever to the front. But even the most advanced sections of the earth are not peopled entirely with thoroughly live men and women, who continue to grow in mental and moral stature to the end of their lives. There is a sort of human fungus that infests every community. It is a morbid growth of the nature of what is known as “proud flesh.” These are the contented, croaking “conservatists,” who take always a retrospective view of life and praise lustily the past, who “plant their feet upon the shadows which had appeared bodies so substantial,” who travel in beaten tracks, abhor change, preach “let well enough alone,” yet growlingly declare that things generally are going to the devil, and see no signs of disquiet or discontent.

But no man with a natural and trained use of his faculties can fail to discern an increasing unrest and discontent among “the people,” the result of increasing social evils which call loudly for remedy. This discontent is not confined to one class, color or sex, although just now the farmers are making the loudest protests against their wrongs, and the organization of the

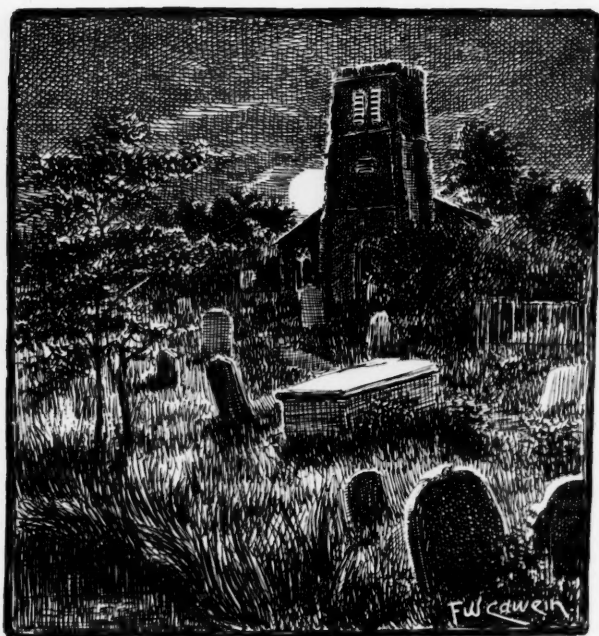
various industrial orders all over the country is evidence of some want of adjustment between our needs and our present legislation. Civilization is growth, and while nations move onward, constitutions can not safely stand still. The inconsistencies of republics have always been the cause of their downfall. Buckle says: "The boasted civilizations of antiquity were eminently one-sided, and they fell because society did not advance in all its parts, but sacrificed some of its constituents in order to secure the progress of others."

It behooves us to profit by the experiences of the past. There is no truer proverb than "Coming events cast their shadows before." All the great changes in the world have been heralded by unmistakable signs. Christianity, the Reformation and all the great revolutions sent intimations ahead of their coming. The event which changed the civilization of the world—the discovery of America—was the realization of the dream of seers who had for ages tried in vain to reveal to the sceptical world the glories of their vision. American independence was the prophecy and promise of more than a century, and ever since that first revolutionary step toward individual freedom, the call of the age was heard for the advance to the second step—the Rebellion, or "War between the States." The nation grew beyond the constitution as our fathers framed it, and up to the advanced Christian doctrine of equal human rights and human brotherhood, and it "cost a million of graves and a billion of debts to establish it." Now, we are warned. If we will but look and listen we will see signs multiplied on every hand of approaching change, will hear mutterings of impending revolution—the most momentous revolution in public opinion the world has ever known—and public opinion has acquired in this age an authority unexampled in any former period of history.

The wise men and the prophets have been, for lo, these many years, trying to prepare the minds of men for the acceptance of the new conditions now before us. We can not shirk them. We can no longer cling to the relics of a dead civilization. We will have to drop old prejudices, discard old superstitions, get out of old ruts, and give up old systems, for "behold all things are new."

"Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

S. G. Humphreys.



IN SHADOW.

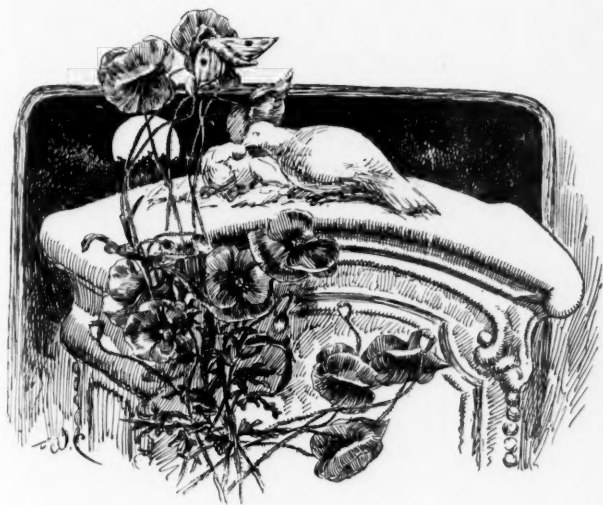
ONE moth sucks in a flaming flower ;
A light leans on the old church tower ;
I watch the moth, I watch the moon—
A moth-white slip—
One silver tip,
From ragged tree-tops slipping soon
To burn above them for an hour.

The spiced dew keeps the moth awake,
While heads of purple poppies shake
And gape drugged mouths against the breeze,
That loves to sing
Of wave and wing,
Appealing to the ghostly trees
That sow broad blossoms on the lake. .

My soul dreams at the blood-red heart
Of what thou art, of what thou art ;
Sad silence whispers something rare,
 As spirits know,
 When lilies blow
Beneath sweet heavens, woman-fair—
Ghosts' lips and lips that speak apart.

My heart is wan as any bloom
The moonlight haunts beside a tomb ;
So weary wasted with a love
 No words may speak,
 O, dear and weak !
Here where your tombstone's marble dove
Makes all the brightness plaintive gloom.

Madison Carwein.



'POSTLE PAUL'S RUMINATIN'.



-R-R-R-R, bang, and against the western sky where the sun had sunk behind the slopes of brown and gray, two birds fell in the broom-sedge, as over its golden mat the rest of the bevy flew low, until in the gathering shadows they became confused with their own color in the stubble beyond.

As they hit the ground there was a grunt of admiration from 'Postle Paul, who was bringing up the rear with a well-filled game bag; then he mumbled to himself, but I could only gather, "'Minds me o' Marse Al'n."

"What?" I said, as I took a bird from the dog's mouth.

"I'se jis sayin' it 'minds me o' Marse Al'n ter see dem birds fall dat way; neber seed nobody 'cep'n you could make 'em die so quick, like da tuk heart 'sease—Marse Al'n could."

I was a visitor at Adair Hall, the home of my friend Joe Franklin. Joe and I had been to college several years before, and it was at the Christmas holidays, in those days, that I had made the acquaintance of the Franklins. I was back now from that pendulum swing which the city world takes on; and as a rider on that pendulum, my head, my heart, my soul, were sick of its swaying motion; I wanted diversion, rest, and I was finding it at Adair Hall, and in my tramps over its dead and sodden fields in search of quail shooting, behind two dogs whose ancestry traced back through English kennels to a time that would pale the purple that much of the humanity of to-day wears as its cloak.

To-day I had beaten Joe on the shots, and he had left me under the pretext of looking at some colts on a neighboring place; this last shot had finished a record for me that had put me in a good humor that was tempered to a reflective mood by the quiet beauty of the October twilight.

I had heard of Allan Adair before, from the Franklins, and desires had passed through my mind, at times, when I had admired the proportions of the grand old Hall, and the quaint detail of its interior, to know something of the people who had been so generous with their money and their taste, and none of whom were here now to tell their story.

'Postle Paul having been raised at the Hall, and as there was a unique flavor to his recollections, I proceeded to get their story from him.

Before taking you into the confidence that this old darkey reposed in me, I will say that this name of his, while original to him, was no more original than the darkey himself. His mammy had taken the apostles straight through in naming her brood, but the sounding prefix had remained in his case, probably for no other reason than that his individuality of manner I had heard, even as a black brat, had demanded something extra, for plain Paul would have been a shock to his respectful self-importance.

So I plied question after question to him about his "Marse" Allan, but he would only answer by extolling his master's virtues in general terms, but with an aggravating reticence that expressed itself by a shake of the head and a shuffling of the feet that urged me on to know what he was keeping back.

So, leaning my gun against a fence, I took out a flask of "Old Crow," and, after warming the inner man, told 'Postle Paul to "take a pull," which he proceeded to do with such a relish that I told him to "pull" again; then leaning against a rider rail, as he perched himself on the fence to rest, I asked him what had become of the Adairs.

The old man settled himself in a manner that betrayed his willingness to talk, for the whisky had warmed him and loosed his tongue, and said:

"I doan like ter tell 'bout de fambly 'fairs, suh, for deh all dead an' gone. Cun'l Adair and Old Miss neber had no 'fairs 'cep'n dat da died. De Old Miss die when Marse Al'n were a



little boy, an' de Cun'l jes 'bout de time Marse Al'n comed home fum college.

"De po' boy look lost, wid de big place an' all us niggers ter 'tend ter, as de niggers all want ter stay wid Marse Al'n, an' he would'n dribe none o' dem off, do' da wuz hangin' 'roun' de cabins like fleas on er dorg.

"'T wuz den he tuk ter shootin' de pat'idges, till deh wuz all 'bout kilt 'roun' hyah, an' one day 'turnin' home he drapped a lone bird dat got up in de briars, 'an he say ter me, "'Postle Paul, I'm done fur dis season; dat bird wuz de las' ob his fambly, like me, an' 'less I stop dar won't be none ter breed nex' season, ter gib me shootin', an' I'll be like you triflin' niggers, hab nuttin' ter do.'

"I 'lowed I 'tected somep'n in Marse Al'n's ruminatin', so in a pertickler way I ax him ef dyah wuz eber likely ter be a brood ob his'n fur us niggers ter wuck fur, but he did'n con'send ter r'ply ter my imperdence, but jis walked on, slow like, whis'lin' 'bout dem clober blossoms kiss'n' her foots, which tole ter me dat Marse Al'n hab idees in his head 'bout a mistus fur de Hall; do' I doan know whar he git de mistus, 'cause I nebber seed him shinin' up ter none o' de young lady folks in de neighbyhood; but soon arfter dis he wuz visitin' a heap up ter Marse Viley's, an' one day when I druv him up ter de chu'ch he made me walk home, an' he tuk Miss Liny Viley home in de buggy.

"Fum dat time de folks up town say dat Marse Al'n were a courtin' her hard, an' de niggers up ter de Hall set it down dat we wuz ter hab a new mistus.

"I tell yer, de way Marse Al'n made me rub his fillies an' polish de buckles on de harness, doze times, wuz a caution, but I nebber minded de wuck, 'cause Marse Al'n wuz gen'r'us wid de greenbacks, fur 'twuz 'bout dat time he sole de place dis side de Elk'on, an' had his pockets bulgin' wid de money, an' he spen' it like 'twuz pat'idges, an' he could get all he want.

"Bimeby, one day, I wuz wid him comin' home fum town, an' on de pike we pass one ob doze Goose Crick Davis boys; sit-tin' side him wuz dat purty darter ob Mister Shaw's, wot shar's one ob de hill farms; Marse Al'n he kinder slowed up, an' bow like she be a queen, an' de Davis feller he look glum an' scowled.

"I wuz s'prised mightily, I tell yer, suh, ter see our proud Marse Al'n bein' so gracious ter dat common gal, eben ef she wuz so purty, for Marse Al'n he wuz ushuly mighty pertickler 'bout who he pay 'tention ter; but soon arfter dat time I often notice dat when he would start, as I'd s'poze, ter see Miss Liny, he'd tu'n off in de lane up yander 'bove de mill.

"I had my s'picions roused, but I nebber say nuttin', 'cause

'twuz none o' my business anyway, so I waited till one day, when 'twuz bird season agin, on'y a trifle airly, dat he tuk down his gun an' say he gwine ter shoot.

"I axed him ter let me go wid him, as wuz custom, an' affter kinder hesitatin' he say, 'Call de dorg.'

"But strange ter tell, he went to'rds de hills; I 'monstrated an' say:

" 'Marse Al'n, dar ain't no birds up dis away, but I know whar some uses down by de thicket,' but he pay no 'tention ter me, on'y he say: 'I know whar ter find er bird.'

"Well now! dat were confusin', dat he would go up in de hills fer jis one po' bird, but I saw he wuz'nt communicatin' ter me on dat day, so I shet up.

"When we git up yander in sight ob Mister Shaw's, Marse Al'n tun'd inter de woods, an de dorg run out in de rag weed, but Marse Al'n hadn' yit loaded de gun, an' I wundered whut 'twuz dat 'stractin him so; when he say: 'Postle Paul, yer stay hyah, while I go ober ter see Mister Shaw 'bout plantin' some wheat; I'll be back in a minute.'

"I set dar on de fence fur a long time, till it seem to me dat Marse Al'n had time ter plant dat wheat, an' bein' ve'y thirsty—fur water—(with a glance at me) I went ter a big spring in de woods back o' Mister Shaw's, and, suh, jes as soon as I git ter a tall clump o' iron weed on de hill right ober de spring, I heerd a little laugh, an' lookin down dar on de big rock, wuz Marse Al'n an dat purty Molly Shaw.

"Deed I could not bleeve meh eyes, dar wuz Marse Al'n a holdin' her han' an' talkin' low like he 'fraid he hush de music ob de warter purlin' ober de stones, den she say somep'n 'bout bein' Mistus Adair, an' axe him ef he promise, an' he say he do, den I heah him tell her dat as his people wuz all dead, dat he doan min' leabin' de Hall much, 'cause de taunts ob de folks roun' de kentry 'bout ole Cun'l Adair risin' up out'n his grave ef he doan marry a great lady would make de life ve'y hateful ter him, an' ter her, too, 'less he gib her up, an' dat he say he ain' gwine ter do, so he 'splained how he'd take a string ob colts ter de races at Sain' Lewy, an' she go, too.

"Her eyes flame like coals ob fire, an' her cheek glow like doze roses dat climb up by de libr'ry winder, den Marse Al'n he kiss her right quick, an' she flutter in his arms like a pat'idge tangle in de grass, wid de dorg's bref blowin' in its face; den she broke loose an' he rose up an' gabe her' rections 'bout how she git to Sain' Lewy, den a dead weed crack under me, an' heahin' de noise she look tother way, an' when he 'tempted ter kiss her agin she broke loose an' run down de paff kiss'n her han', an' her

black ha'r a flyin' 'bout like dar wuz a harrycane, do' 'twuz on'y her puttin' on ways fur de air w'ar quiet like.

"Yes, suh, 'deed she make a harrycane fur de Hall, an' all us po' niggers too, I tell yer; fur 'twunt no time arfter dat 'fore Marse Al'n had gone away wid de colts; he keep he counsel, so none de folks or niggers knew whar he gone, on'y me. I had my s'picious an' I keep 'em ter mese'f. Den dar commenc-ed a heap o' gossipin' goin' 'bout de kentry;



some say
dat de rea-
son Marse Al'n
go away was
'cause Miss
Liny show'd
prefrence fur
that young

I'yer Mister Daniels, but I know dif'unt, fur Miss Liny axe me herse'f one day whar Marse Al'n gone, an' when I lied an' say, I doan know, an' when I put in, I doan bleeve he come back no more, she look mighty troubled, an' 'thout sayin' er wo'd, went off silent, like er winged pat'idge hidin' in de weeds.

"Dar wuz so much talkin' 'bout Marse Al'n let'n things go ter de debbil at de Hall, an' no groun' broke fur wheat, an' de late co'n still in de shocks, an' de mules runnin' in de paddocks wid de brood mares, an' no orders ter de niggers ter do any wuk,—do' I knew Marse Al'n done 'tended ter de wheat crap wid Mister Shaw" (and 'Postle Paul laughed at the recollection of the day at the spring), "an' all dese 'fairs goin' so loose, wo'd de neighbors consid'able, so dat da had no time ter 'scuss 'bout Molly Shaw habbin' run'd away.

"Den I heah'd in town dat a Mister Agint wuz comin' up

wid a gem'man who want ter buy de Hall, an' den Mister Franklin come up an' look ober de place, an' 'fore he leab, he say he warn' mos' ob us niggers ter stay wid him," and here 'Postle Paul branched off into some personal history.

"Dat wuz whut cause dis hyah nigger ter be livin' by hese'f an' makin' his own hoeecake, 'cause 'twuz arfter Mister Franklin come dat dat old maid sister er his'n, Miss Elviry, d'smissed a black gal dat I wuz keepin' comp'ny wid, jes' cause de gal she say, when Miss Elviry axe her why she comed in her room, 'thout knockin', dat dar wuz no use knockin', as she know'd she wuz in thar.

"Da laugh 'bout it an' say somep'n 'bout co'n-fiel' niggers, an' sen' her away, but 'twarnt right—ter me—an' den it didn' seem right fur a long time fur Mister Franklin ter strut roun' de place an' gib orders ter us niggers, fur we ain' use ter 'beyin' nobody cep'n Marse Al'n, but we kinder got use ter it, an' Mister Franklin am a fine gem'man, suh, but 'twar de gret Adair fambly whut had own us, an' 'twuz hard ter swap as ef 'twuz slave times.

"Mister Joe went ter college den, an' den you comed up hyah dat Crismus wid him, doan you 'member, 'bout three year ago?"

'Postle Paul stopped here and made a motion as if to get off the fence. I responded to that motion and produced the flask again, and told him we had better move, as the stars were coming out, and the Hall over a mile away, so we started homeward with the dogs trailing behind.

I said to the old negro: "Is that all you know about Mr. Allan?" and he answered:

"'Bout all—'bout all, but den 'twa'nt all needer, fur de res' am mighty much; do' I neber see my young marster but onc't mo', but I furgit ter tell yer, dat long 'fore dat time comed dat Molly Shaw tun'd up wid two boy chillens; she hadn' been home long 'fore I met her one day on de Shaw Jarsey waggin, an' she had her young uns wid her—de ol'est w'ar 'bout seben year old.

"She wuz mightily changed, not so purty, an' not much harrycane 'bout her needer; de red roses had die in her cheeks an' in dar stead w'ar white uns, like day wuz tombstones, her face w'ar so hard like marble.

"De bigges' little feller dat set by her minded me o' somebody—o' a little boy whut I use ter make fish lines fur, so he could 'tend like he wuz fishin' in de big rain bar'l by de back po'ch.

"Den when Chrismus comed, 'bout two year ago, when da had de tree up ter de chu'ch, as da allus use ter do back ter slave

times, an' somehow, 'spose it's 'cause I like chillens, de big folks warn' me ter act Santy.

"But I let dem coax me fust, 'deed I did, 'cause I wuz kinder riled at dat buck nigger Jake a sayin' dat da choose 'Postle Paul 'cause he show no sut when he come down de chimney, but dat nigger's no 'count, noways, 'cause Missus Franklin cotched him stealin' her aigs, on'y yistid'y," and 'Postle Paul chuckled at the thought of his enemy's discomfiture, and he went on to tell me that Mrs. Franklin had caught Jake stealing her eggs, saying:



FISHIN' IN DE BIG RAIN BAR'L.

"Yes, suh, she cotched dat th'evin' nigger stealin' her aigs; a baskit full had been set on de back po'ch nigh de kitchen, an' Miss Elviry, fum her winder, seen him come slyin' up ter de po'ch an'

look all 'roun', an' den he fill his pockets an' walk away hurried, like he got pertickler business ter 'tend ter, so she tole missus, an' she seein' Jake come in de yard call him ter bring in a lorg; I heah'd her, 'cause I was in de sittin' room loadin' your cat'idges, an' when Jake put de lorg on, missus say: 'Jake, did yer take none o' my aigs out o' dat baskit back dar?' an' de lyin' nigger he look her straight in de face an' say, injured like, 'No, missus, I nebber take none your aigs, I doan eat aigs, noways; I nebber did like hen aigs, an' I doan see whut fur yer allus wants ter speck me fur.' Dat nigger shuly did look like he tell de tru'f, an' as I didn' know nuttin' 'bout what Miss Elviry saw, I 'low'd missus wuz actin' wrong ter kuze him, but she nebber tuk her eye off'n him, an' say, 'Doan lie, Jake, Miss Elviry saw you fill your pockets,' an' laws-a-mighty! whut a foolish look dat nigger had on his count'nance, and he could only say: 'W-h-a-r w-u-z Miss Elviry?'" and 'Postle Paul laughed and shook until it seemed to occur to him that he had forgotten the original story, so he proceeded:

"I wuz tell'n 'bout dem warn' me ter be Santy, so I 'greed, an' da got me a passel 'o fixins ter w'ar, an' tole me ter go up an' put dem on in de ole cabin dat's back in de churchyard, so 'bout airly candlelight I go up dar, an' jis 'fore I got in de gate I saw

a man who wuz stranger like, he kinder stop when I go by him, but I had 'portent 'fairs ter 'tend ter, so I go on ter de cabin, but as I go in an' tun'd to shet de do', dat man had his eye on me mighty familiar like, but I nebber minded, but went ter dressin' up, till I look like de ve'y debbil ; I felt like he, sure.

" Den de do' op'n an' dat man comed in ; he did not parley, but he say :

" 'Postle Paul, doan yer know yer Marse Al'n ?'

" Land, I wuz skeer'd ; 'Marse Al'n ! Marse Al'n !' I say, 'why, you ain' Marse Al'n ;' do' all de time I knowed I wuz lyin', fur dat war Marse Al'n's voice, do' I could see nuttin' 'bout him o' Marse Al'n's looks, fur he wuz oldish lookin' an' had w'iskers all ober his face.

" But 'thout argufyin', 'twar him sure, so den I say :

" 'Why, Marse Al'n, 'fore Gord, whut has come ob yer ?' jes like he warn' dar 'fore my ve'y eyes, but he stop my flabgasted talkin' an' say :

" 'Postle Paul, whut you goin' ter do in dose close ?'

" So I tole him ob de gret honor 'fur'd on me, an' his eyes da look bright like da use ter when de dorg came down on a p'int, an' he ax me ef he could trus' me, ef I would do as he say, an' not tell none de folks I seen him, an' I say, 'Ob co'se, Marse Al'n, dar ain't nuttin' yer eber axed me dat I disallowed yer, is dar ?' an' he say, 'no,' an' tole me ter stay whar I wuz till he comed back.

" He wuz not gone ve'y long when he comed in wid a hole passel o' gimcracks ; dar wuz shootin'-crackers, toy guns, soldjer boy caps an' ev'ything else you eber heah'd o' Santy habin', an' I wuz plum connipsioned.

" He order me ter take off de close, an' I do so, an' he put dem on, an' den de false face, an' 'bout time he got all de toys gether'd up some one call Santy ter come ter de chu'ch, an' he order me ter stay whar I wuz till he come back.

" I look out de winder to'rds de chu'ch an' saw it all light up, an' heah'd de orgin playin', den I heah'd a lot o' laughin', an' I 'cided dat I warn' ter see whut wuz gwyin' on, so I slip 'roun' ter de back winder an' look in.

" De chu'ch wuz crowded, wid de big folks all ter de front, an' de quality preshatin' back to de do', whar wuz standin' a lot ob dose Goose Crick fellers, wid dar hats on, a lookin' imperdent like ; de wimmen and chillens wuz all ranged one side de chu'ch an' de men tother, as custom 'lows, an' de wimmen folks wuz on my side, an' nigh me wuz dat Molly Shaw an' her brats.

" Santy wuz standin' dar by de tree lookin' kinder shorter den I knowed Marse Al'n wuz, but spec' he kinder stooped a little ter look like me.

"De preacher wuz discoursin' ter de chillens till da look tired, den he d'scourse some mo', an' den Santy begun ter cut de parties off'n de tree, an' anodder man he read out de names; ob co'se de quality da got mos' eb'ything; dat is de way, for dar's no use 'scussin' de fac' dat Santy 'fers quality, but dar wuz one 'ception, nigh eb'ything da call out wuz for eader little Al'n Shaw er his brudder, an' de quality wonder whar de Shaws git so much money.

"As de Shaws war sittin' nigh to whar I wuz, I could see de little fellers' eyes bright up like de dew on de bluegrass when de sun gits up, an' dar mudder look 'sprised.

"One time when little Al'n went up ter get a fire injine Santy had fur him, an' while de crowd was 'stracted 'bout an illegent di'mond necklus what Judge Daniels gib ter Miss Liny, Santy took dat little feller, wid de rain bar'l face, 'hin' de tree, an' fum whar I stan' I could see him raise his false face an' kiss him, an' de one instunt dat I saw his face it minded me o' Cun'l Adair's face when he fus look at ole Miss de night I brought him home from Per'ville wid fo' bullets in his body.

"All dis time Molly Shaw warn' lookin', 'cause she, too, wuz 'cited 'bout dat necklus.

"When eb'ything had been cut off'n de tree, an' de candles wuz some o' dem sputtin', an' de babies got ter bawlin', de crowd 'mence ter d'sbure.

"Fore dis time I notice dat dose Goose Crick fellers wuz gittin' boist'ous, fur da had been slippin' out an' drinkin' mean whisky—not good liquor like dat o' yourn—eber sence de 'formance begun.

"Now da wuz shootin' da 'volvers up an' down de pike, an' de wimmen folks da wuz mightily complainin' 'less da shoot somebody er nur', or scar' de hosses.

"But I saw Marse Santy comin' out de back do' de chu'ch, so I runned ter de cabin an' when he comed in he tuk off'n de close an' say ter me, dat I mus'n' tell nobody 'bout hyah dat I know him, er seen him, fur he's gwyin' away an' nebber come back no mo.

"Den he lef somep'n in my han' an' go out; de shootin' keep gwyin' on, but I pay no 'tention, 'cause I wuz hold'n de piece of gold money dat Santy gib me ter de do' ter see how big de eagle wuz.

"When I git out on de pike de folks wuz dribin' off, an' as Molly Shaw pass by me on the waggin, she look skeered as her horse shy, as dat Davis feller shoot his 'volver down de pike, but she go on home by her loney.

"Presn'y dar wuz lots o' shootin' an' cuss'n, an' a hurrahin',

an' den some feller holler: 'Hurrah for John C. Breckinridge,' an' it soun' like dat Davis feller, do' I know Mister Breckinridge ain' runnin' fur no office, 'cause he die 'fore de ole Cun'l.

"Den dar wuz a cl'ar shot fired an' den all er suddent el'ything wuz quiet as death.

"Den I see dem ca'yn er man up over Mister Lockhart's sto', an' I followed, but as dose Goose Crick fellers wuz crowdin' 'roun' I hang back, 'cause da say er nigger's eyeball mek er good targit in de night time.

"Den it 'curr'd ter me, when I heah a feller say nobody know who de dead man wuz, ter go see, so I climb de sta'rs, an' dar lyin' full stretched on de flo' wuz my Marse Al'n, an' when I look at him I didn't wunder dat nobody know him, now dat dose eyes wuz close and dat voice gone.

"I feel mighty que'r, I tell yer, suh, ter see my fine young marster lyin' dar 'mong de folks what use ter bow ter him, an' hab n'ar one reckernize him; but I reckolec' whut he say ter me an' shet my head.

"But, Lawd, how I had ter lie ter get dem ter let me bu'rr him, so I lay him back yander un'neath dat mulber'r whar you drap dem two birds at one shoot, an' it struck me suddent like ter get ter talkin' o' him when I pick dem up right over his grave, an' I kinder bleeve his spir't did help'n yer ter git de bead on dem, fur two at one shoot, suh, war one o' his tricks.

"You'll 'spec' whut he axe me, won't you, suh? an' not 'scuss his 'fairs ter de folks 'bout hyah who got no intrust, 'cause I promise him when he gi' me that big eagle, eben ef I did buy de cof'n wid it."

Sam Stone Bush.



S.S.B.



LOOKS O'ER THE FALLING LEAVES AND SINGS ITS ROSE BENEATH THE SNOW.

'MID FALLING LEAVES.

IT is the time of falling leaves, the last smile and last tear.
And in the dim home of the birds the voice of music calls:
Oh, sweet it is with thee alone to roam these wide woods here
Where a young wind of the west awakes and the dying sunset
falls.

Some winged minstrel of the air flies singing overhead,
The music welling from his throat like perfume from a rose,
And at our feet the grasses tall, their russet mantles spread,
And soft, and sweet, and far away, the singing water flows;
Afar the busy world still speaks the language of old age,
But here, the dream of old abides, and joy is e'er at rest;
There, souls whose masks are wet with tears still jest upon the
stage,
But here, the bells of elfland toll adown the haunted west.

The eagle's feathers still are sold within the bustling mart,
And wit makes laughter there for fools, and fancy knows no
range,

But here, sweet mother Nature folds her children to her heart,
The earth, the skies, the very air, know an immortal change.
There Fame gives wine unto the dead, and Hope, protesting, pays
A tax upon the castle fair it builds and rears in Spain.
But here, the spirit folds its wings and bows its head and prays,
While all old songs and days and dreams grow beautiful again.
Let us speak softly as we pass where glory shines each year,
And poetry receives new life from age to age, I trow,
While Genius, which is but, alas, the lack of love, my dear,
Looks o'er the falling leaves and sings its rose beneath the snow.

It seems like Easter when we come on such a day as this,
And loose the leash that binds us fast to duty, toil, and care:
We feel the wine of gods ferment within our veins, nor miss
The glory from the darling land, the sweetness from the air.
Shine out, ye happy flowers nor heed the brooding winter's
frown,

Too soon, alas, these woods will seem dark as a prison door,
Be torches when the sun is low and God's blue hills look down
Upon the music of the stream, the silence of the shore.
The lover wind walks with us here, the trampled grass is sweet,
And in the tranced woods all day the soul of music grieves.
Come, let us hush our voices, dear, and pass on noiseless feet,
While Summer bids her last goodbye, amid the falling leaves.

Elvira Sydnor Miller.

THE "SUMMER GIRL" VS. THE WIFE.

PERFECTLY well do I know that I am not writing this to be read by angels. Just as well do I know that a saint is not the scribe. Singing in such poor prose as I can command, the virtues of one whom no man can truly depict, I enter upon my task with modesty.

The woman was made to be a wife ; to be a mother. When she has failed of either she has not fulfilled her mission. They may speak of "Woman's Rights" as they choose ; it matters not. At the head of the family she is the master, the mistress, the ruler and controller of all things, the dear little deity who wins love, and commands respect, and is, with all our laughter, the arbiter of our destinies. Nowhere and in no manner can we escape her ; to be respected one must be husband and father.

In those relations, or in only one of them, the resulting companionship brings disillusion to both the parties. Upon the wreck of a half understood sentiment may be builded a truer friendship, a finer spiritual affinity, a more profound respect, a closer union of heart and hand and soul. Each one of the pair may fully recognize the faults of the other, and may reprobate those faults ; yet upon higher plains they may meet understandingly, and the best elements of both may coalesce into a sweet and permanent union. In such a union consists the true marriage.

But to form such a union there must be something more than a sudden impulse, and very much more than a contract of bargain and sale. Two old people may agree to enter into a mutual benefit society, and, having obtained the sanction of the law to their contract, may live happily ever afterward. They may bear and forbear ; each may yield to the other as the occasion demands ; they may respect each other's idiosyncrasies and make each other the more comfortable. But there can be no blending of both natures into one ; it is a partnership rather than a marriage, and two men in a mining camp might be just as helpful to each other.

But in the marriage of young men and women there is either union or disunion—there can be no middle ground ; no successful tolerance of each other. That mysterious principle which we call love must enter into it. Exactly what that is the wisest man can not explain, nor can the most exact scientist separate it from some other nearly allied, but much less commendable, element of human nature. It must exist in some degree in

every true marriage, in every perfect union, and to be genuine and permanent it must be based on something more than blind sentiment. Sentiment, like the summer days, is tender in its birth amid the dew, gorgeous in its death as the shadows come. Unlike the summer days, it is short lived. It comes with the dogwood blossom and the violet, grows with the mountain pink, matures with the fern in midsummer, and dies with the golden-rod in autumn. Without substantial basis the snows of winter kill it.

"But God said—

'I will have a purer gift ;

There is smoke in the flame ;

New flowerets bring, new prayers uplift.

And love without a name."

The "Summer Girl" is a modern institution—perhaps I should say, more properly, a modern invention, for I hope she is not a permanency. She is the idealization of sentiment, but very rarely does she become the incarnation of a genuine life-long love. An element of poetry she is indeed, and an inspiration for the watering-place novelist. But she is rarely the happy wife.

"Have you seen but the white lily grow,

Before rude hands have touched it ?

Have you marked but the fall o' the snow,

Before the soil hath smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of beaver ?

Or swan's down ever ?

Or smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?

Or the nard in the fire ?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?

O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !"

To the youth who becomes enamored of the summer girl, to the poet who knows her only at a distance, the verse of Ben Jonson, which I have quoted, fits her to a nicety. But to the unpoetical men who have flirted with her on the mountain side or swam with her in the breakers she is merely a "summer girl." And to the society correspondents of the newspapers, who are mostly women, and therefore thoroughly acquainted with all feminine arts for the making an immediate impression upon the men, she is a real godsend. She furnishes them with padding for their letters, she entertains them in order that her name shall have prominence in print. They understand perfectly well what her motives are, and they pay her back in kind. She

receives attention from the men in various ways, and printed flattery in the newspapers. And she really believes that she has made an impression on the great world. She does not know the comments that are so freely made upon her behind her back, and so readily believed; nor does she dream of the quiet, half amused, and wholly suppressed, contempt with which she is generally considered. After a few seasons, when her own freshness has departed, she assumes a seriousness which she can never heartily participate in, and joins the ranks of those who say unkind things about other summer girls behind *their* back. The old stagers who believe nearly, if not all, that they have heard of her, begin to show her some attention then, but it is merely in order to keep up with the fresh scandals which she so closely watches and so delights in telling. And she plies her own nets very vigorously, and catches some stranger for a husband. After which both may be well satisfied with the bargain or may not. Usually they are old enough to keep their troubles to themselves if they have any.

But the life of a summer girl does not fit her for a happy wifehood. Men crowd around her while she is fresh and new. The fashion writers tell her how best to reveal her form, if she has a good one, or how to conceal its defects if she is not on friendly terms with nature. From her finishing school to her fashion plate she is always taught to appeal to the physical passions of men. In the surf and on the beach she is guilty of physical exposures which would be indécant elsewhere, and in the ball-room she makes revelations which would be more than scandalous in the boudoir. Her whole teaching and training, her precept and practice, tend to place her in the ranks of suppliants who fight with each other for the admiration of men, caring nothing as to how it may be won, and forgetful that the woman should be sought rather than be a seeker. And finally she is "led to the altar" by some one whom she has schemed for years to win.

I do not write this because I am at all unfriendly to the summer girl. She would take the same pains, and spend her father's money just as freely, to excite my admiration as that of any more available and younger man. I feel toward her as I do toward my neighbor whose fine flowers I can admire over the garden wall. I enjoy their beauty as much as he does, and it costs me nothing to cultivate them. I have no liberty to pluck them, but they are more beautiful on the stem. I love a tuberosa more than any other flower, but I would not have one in the house with me all the year round. So the summer girl is sweet in her season, but when the frosts come let us have the wife.

The tuberose does not bloom by the fireside—it may in the hot-house.

Admiring the summer girl as I admire the stars and flowers, loving her as I love all that is beautiful, I can not but be sorry that she ever found a place in life. I am sorry for her, sorry for those who came before her, sorry for those who come after her. To her mother, judging all things by the sweet and simple life of her girlhood, the summer girl will be a disappointment—not her own daughter, indeed, for she will not see in her the faults which she can not help but find in the daughters of other women—but the summer girl in the abstract she will consider a delusion and a snare, and will earnestly pray that her sons, if she has any, may be delivered from her wiles and witcheries. And to the children of the summer girl, in times to be when she has changed her state and bloomed into the matron, there will come a yearning that they do not understand, a longing that can not be understood by them; they can not name it, for they have never known the object of it—the longing for a true and real mother. They may have known the scent of the conservatory, the breezes of the mountain side, the salt spray of ocean, but the heart of the little one yearns for the mother's touch, the mother's voice, the mother's kiss.

Above all other things we know of is the sublime fact of motherhood. The mysterious unity of two immortal souls becomes incarnate in the trinity—a child is born. The man or woman to whom the first wail of a new-born infant has not brought a thrill of joy and terror has lived in vain. To such it were as well for them to be born blind, and deaf and dumb, for to them the beauty of flowers and the breath of zephyrs has no speech—they hear not, neither do they see—and, unspeakable themselves, they can not voice the holiest sentiment of human life, because they have not felt it. And from the moment of that feeble wail—that cry of terror at the introduction of a stranger into the new world—the wife is transformed into the guardian angel; the child has created a new heaven in her heart, a heaven which is his exclusively, and whose gates are guarded by a mother's love.

She became this guardian angel by baptism of pain and suffering and agony. To retain the place there must be from her an eternal and heroic self-sacrifice. Every moment of her life is given to this new charge committed to her care; every thought and wish and desire not consonant with the higher good of this young life must be slain upon the altar of his temple. By every loving tendance must she bind his soul to hers; to his every whisper in the night must she be responsive; his every

sorrow must she share, and be ready to double every joy and triumph by her love and sympathy ; in every sickness she must be his nurse, and be his mentor most inflexibly at every outburst of his exuberant animalism ; she is the custodian of the caress, the executioner when punishment is needed, the dispenser of smiles and frowns, always the reservoir of divine love from which the child's soul draws sustenance. In the beginning of his life, like a divine being, she smiled upon him through her almost deathly pain ; all through his life she watches and guards his every act and deed, almost shapes his every thought, and as she wipes the death damps from his brow, while her heart is breaking, she would again smile upon him rather than have her grief add sorrow to his dying moments. Oh, mother ! flower of mystery, whose seeds are only to be had from heaven's granaries ; the good God surely smiles at mention of your name ; when first he thought of you his heart was glad ; he made men with his hands or let the angels fashion them, but you he surely fashioned with a smile.

Can the summer girl fulfill such destiny as this ? What say you, summer girl ? Stand up and answer ; answer on your conscience ; can you do it ? Will you ? No man can say aught against the true wife and mother ; the universal sentiment of humanity would hound him to his den, as farmers chase a wild beast with their pitchforks. No nation has ever worked out a commendable destiny for itself which did not worship God and sanctify the motherhood of its women. No matter what dogmas of priestcraft the people might accept, so long as they were true to their God, and his worship left the woman as nature intended her to be, the head of a household and the priestess in the temple of a new generation, they were unconquerable and ineffaceable from the earth. Defective laws and poor statesmanship counted for naught, when to every man the sentiment of home and fireside and wife and children came as a stimulus in the day of battle. The little band of Jews, refugees from Egypt and slaves for centuries, were able to overcome the iron chariots of the dwellers in Palestine because they bore with them the ark of the covenant and respected the virtue of their women. But when they, too, allowed their wives and daughters to weep for Adonis at the waters of Byblos, and sit in the seat of Baal, they were conquered and taken into captivity by the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar. By the souging waves of the Euphrates, though their harps were hung upon the willow trees, yet in their hearts they sang the songs of Zion. And when in the temples of Babylon the highest sacrifice to God had become the direst affront to decency, and the ties of family were loosened

at will, the Medes and Persians were upon them. Bel was dethroned, and, remembering the God of Abraham, the Jews once more built up the city and temple of their God.

When the intellect of Athens was gathered in the banqueting hall of Aspasia, the glory of the old and virile Greece was waning. Not the manly beauty of Alcibiades, nor the justice of Aristides, nor the wisdom of Socrates, nor the honeyed lips of Plato, could preserve the liberties of a degenerate people. When Zeus became the plaything of Aphrodite, the old shrines fell in ruins, the sybil ceased to prophesy, Olympus was deserted, and the Olympian contests became the interludes of schoolboys. The barbarian, with a hearthstone in his hand, crushed the delicate and beautiful civilization of the Greek. The wife had ceased to reign in Athens, and the Macedonian mother sent a savage son to revenge the affront offered to the family.

So in Rome, once the most stern in manly virtue, and the home of the vestal virgins; where the temple of Janus was rarely closed and the temple of Venus still more rarely open; where Appius Claudius was glad to seek refuge in a voluntary death, and the son of Tarquinius made the name Lucretia eternal by the contrast of her purity with his licentiousness—even there the shadow fell when the word "wife" was a misnomer and "mother" was a mockery. The old gods were dethroned; Isis, Osiris, Serapis and Apis came in their stead; to the superstitious the augur and the traveling fortune-teller became greater than any of the gods, to the intelligent there came an atheism, cynical as it was hopeless; false women and treacherous slaves ruled the land; the wife was invested with full civil rights and banished from the heart of her husband, and the mother exercised authority only over her slaves, and gave to adventurers the love her children should have had.

To this Rome—this wicked and corrupt Rome—came the Goths and Vandals with sword and torch. And the clear-eyed, wife-loving, and wife-ruling German followed them to fulfill his mission and execute the stern decrees of God.

And to-day the old Germanic idea is supreme. In his barbarism the old Anglo-Saxon battled with the elements of an unfriendly climate, and made his roof-tree sacred from all intrusion. He had good, red blood to dye his threshold with before any hostile foot should pass it—for his household walls were shelter to his wife and children. To that pure old Anglo-Saxon home where the wife was supreme because she was indeed wife; to that old home, wherein the children bow at their mother's knee in prayer to the God who keeps it safe and makes a little heaven of it, is due the glory of our nation. In that home is

the Bible and the mother, and woe be unto him who trespasses upon it. Without that home, that mother and that book, we had best be a "lost Atlantis"—then our *disjuncted membræ* could feed the fishes when this continent was whelmed beneath the foaming waves of ocean, and the world none the worse for it.

Let us then keep a shrine for the wife and mother. God has made her the custodian of what little sweetness and light was left us from the primal fall. The curse was heavy, but her hand almost lifts it from us. Certainly she mitigates the burden of our sorrow, and makes sweeter every joy that sin has left us. In her humble way she fulfills a divine mission.

The summer girl, like the butterfly, may taste of many sweets; but when the summer girl and butterfly have both departed from the hillside the strong oak stands preparing for the autumn, and forgets that either of them ever lived. The woman who excites man's passions by dress or attitude, by trick or fancy, by words or deeds of doubtful quality, can not escape the censure of angels. She who wins us by the supremacy of her better soul is herself an angel, and may freely chide us for our faults. Men are born to folly as the sparks fly upward; but in time they are cured of it. When once they contract a love, based upon profound respect, they can not be cured of that. The summer girl does not inspire such a love.

And yet, perhaps, I may treat the summer girl too lightly, or too harshly. She is after all the daughter of her mother; and I love her mother well. Perhaps, behind her lace and lacings there beats a very true and very womanly heart. Maybe despite her *outré* costume, and her abominably suggestive white shoes and her reckless, if not unladylike, abandon, she has a keen wit, a well-trained intellect, and a solid basis of good every-day sense. Let us hope that such is the case, even if the truth shame us.

But, my dear summer girl, it should do you no harm to see yourself as we older persons see you. It is your own fault if we make light of your foibles; if we deem you a being who only cares for dress and show and excitement and admiration, it is because you exhibit yourself to us only in that light. If there are elements of wifehood and motherhood in you let them be visible now and then to the eyes that have to wear spectacles. At the watering places you have flirted and followed after fads; to us who are too aged for such diversions you have seemed silly, and at times, heartless. Let us see now if you can not settle down and be a very good and charming little winter girl.

J. Soule Smith.

THE PRISON OF A SOUL.

HE was called "Fighting Jake" from his numerous pugilistic encounters with his fellow miners. Inconsistent as it may seem he was not quarrelsome, but fought in defense of right and what he termed square dealing.

The male portion of the camp regarded him with profound respect and awe, inspired by his superior strength; the female portion looked upon him as an ugly monster when he chanced their way, and scarce gave him a thought when out of their sight, except to wonder and ask among themselves who in the world could send all those letters that came as regularly as clock work every Saturday, and were directed in a hand that Coleman said was better than the schoolmarm's.

"Why don't yer ask him who they're from, Dan?" said that young man's sweetheart one evening, as they saw the object of their curiosity coming from the store with a neat missive in his hand, the mail for the camp being distributed from the building where all the supplies were purchased.

"Ask him?" said the good-looking youth addressed, giving her a look in which astonishment and indignation were mingled; "I'd like ter see ther feller in ther camp that ud ask Jake Morrison about his business ef he didn't see fit ter tell him somethin' about it first."

The girl, dressed in untidy calico, with the flat, complacent face, who balanced herself on the narrow rail of the porch and was ready with some remark more or less interesting regarding everyone who passed, looked with scorn at her companion, and said, "I'd like ter see ther man er woman livin' that I wouldn't dare ask anything I wanted ter."

"Then you'd better ask Jake right now, before he gits by, who writ him that letter," said Dan, with a good-natured laugh.

The girl was about to reply, though she made no effort to call or detain the brawny young fellow striding by, when a voice from the house called, "Liz! Liz! how long do yer mean ter stay out there gassin' with Dan? I ain't agoin' ter do all ther work myself; you'd better come in an' set ther table fur supper."

The girl arose slowly; she much preferred her perch on the porch rail with the view of all that was going on in the street beneath, and the fir-scented breath of the spring evening, to the tiresome work and the close atmosphere of the dining-room, filled with smoke and odors from the kitchen when a meal was in progress.

But the sharp voice of her sister again called, and after the parting words: "I don't care who's a writin' letters ter that great rough; it's you and Maggie that's er wonderin', and ef I wanted ter know as bad as you do, I'd ask him in er minute," she sauntered into the house.

It was sometime before the mystery of Jake's letters was solved. He spoke of his past for the first time one evening as he stood among his companions in the saloon where the men of the camp for the greater part congregated before, and immediately after, pay day.

Jake was usually the ruling spirit upon such occasions, but upon the night of which we speak he stood apart from the rest, a spectator rather than a participant, in the games and carousal before him. His unusual demeanor struck his comrades, who began to remark it and inquire the cause.

"Are ye sick, Jake?" said one.

"Been playin' an' lost?" said another.

"Come, Jake, have a drink and brace up," said little Dave Williams, whose unbounded admiration for his friend and champion was a joke among the miners.

Jake replied in the negative to the questions, declined Dave's offered glass, and still stood with his muscular arms folded, his broad-brimmed hat pushed back from his forehead over which hung his straight black hair. His lips were compressed, and there was an anxious look upon his dark face. At last he spoke, and all turned or paused to listen, for any word of his usually commanded attention.

"Boys," said he, "I think I'll go home to-morrow while I've money enough left to take me. It will be the first time in thirteen years, for it's just that long ago to-night since I ran away because the old man thrashed me. I don't suppose he'll be very glad to see me and," in a lower tone, "mother's dead; but I want to see my little sister who cried herself to sleep with her arms about my neck in pity for my troubles. I intended to go the winter before I come here, when I was working down at Cedar Run, but that winter poor Andy McDavitt had mountain fever, after being out of work for more than three months, and you know, boys, it won't do to desert a friend in trouble; so I just let them know I was living; 'twas the first time I'd written home and I've been writing ever since, for poor little Julie's never missed a week that she hasn't sent me a letter. She keeps begging me to come home, and says there doesn't seem to be any one to care for her now mother's dead, for father's married again, and so, boys, I think I'll go home for a while."

This burst of confidence was so unexpected and so unprec-

edented that its effect was to strike his listeners completely dumb. In fact, they looked rather uncomfortable by the time he had finished. None but little Dave vouchsafed a reply of any kind and he said almost timidly, "I hate ter have yer go, Jake."

Of course everybody had a father and mother, and, at some period of existence, a home, but none of the men had ever speculated about Jake's. He had been one of the first men at the camp and seemed so much a part of the place they never thought of associating him with any other locality. He had never spoken before of his past and but little of his wanderings, and they accepted him as a son of the mountains and the mines, his fitting place among them as champion of those, who, like little Dave, as he was called, were always getting into scrapes and standing a chance of getting the worst of it from some great blustering coward who would not attack one of his own size. It seemed to them quite right that Jake should feed and clothe, should hold his purse at the disposal of the poor fellows who were ill or out of work, so they saw him depart on the morrow with sincere regrets, fearing he might not return.

The weeks, then months, rolled away : life at the camp went on much the same as usual. There were new arrivals, and some of the old men grew dissatisfied and left, while one poor fellow had been borne away to the burial place under the shading cedars that grew lower down the mountains. The men used to talk of Jake as they gathered at the old rendezvous ; they missed him more than another would have been missed ; they felt the loss of his companionship and his bounty.

But when fully eight months had rolled away he returned as suddenly as he left, and they gave him a hearty welcome.

Little Dave, who was nursing a crushed finger, was at the depot when Jake arrived. Pleasure was expressed in every feature as he cried out, " Begun ter think a feller ud never see you again, Jake ; we've had a mighty dull time since you've been gone, an' ther boys just try to run right over me. But where's yer sister you told us about ? We thought ef you come back you'd bring her along with ye."

" I couldn't bring her, Dave," he said soberly, and changed the subject at once. The old reserve had returned again after that one burst of confidence before his departure.

There was no denying, however, that Jake had changed. He no longer was a constant visitor at the saloon ; he no longer threw to right and left his hard-earned money, and the Sabbath after his arrival being the one on which a sermon was preached in the little schoolhouse, used one Sabbath in every three for this purpose, he followed the line of miners, who, with their families, attended the service.

It did not prove a satisfactory experiment, however, and was never again repeated, for the words of the prosy minister, who fancied himself called to preach, acted rather as an irritant than comfort. Dave Williams explained to the boys afterward that "He'd promised his sister he'd go ter meetin' and tried ter do as he'd agreed, but when that snivellin' crank, Bob Jones, as turned preacher, seemed ter throw sass right at him, givin' him no chance ter talk back, he thought it was about time ter leave, or he'd have ter break ther rules an' lick ther minister."

Jake said little about his visit home—nothing in fact to anyone but Dave. To him he showed the picture of his sister, a delicate girl between whom and the stalwart brother the friend could see no resemblance, save in the kindly expression of the dark eyes. He heard enough to understand how, like a ray of sunshine, in the chill atmosphere of her present surroundings, must have been the home-coming of that great warm-hearted brother, and considered him more of a hero than ever when he disclosed his plans of saving money to make a home for Julie. "They don't treat her well," he said shortly. "There's a whole raft of children come along with the new wife, she was a widow when he married her, and Julie, being sickly, isn't wanted there. I had no chance to make any money, times in the East are so mighty hard, besides," heaving a deep sigh as his eyes roamed over the grand fir-crowned mountains that rose about them, "I couldn't live back there any more."

Julie's letters came regularly and often to her dear brother with much sisterly advice, over which he would smile indulgently and then sigh. He had formed no definite plans regarding the home he had promised her with himself; somehow he shrank from the thought of bringing her into the rough life of the mining camp, yet he felt for himself there could be no other existence.

"If he wants his sister ter leave home why don't he bring her out here ter keep house fur him?" said the girl Liz, before mentioned, in one of the chats with her lover as she sat as usual resting against the railing of the porch. "Dave says she looks delicate; don't see how there can be anything very delicate about a sister of his, must be he thinks there ain't anybody here good enough fer her ter 'sociate with," ending the sentence with one of her loud laughs.

One Saturday Julie's letter failed to come as usual. Jake looked disappointed when told there was nothing for him and moved slowly away; but when on the following Saturday the same answer was given, he ordered the clerk, who distributed the mail, to look again, in a voice that made him tremble as he

silently obeyed the order ; but there was no oversight, and the following week brought a letter though not addressed in the familiar handwriting. It was from the father of Jake who had written to tell him his sister Julie was dead.

Poor Jake : he felt there was no one any more to please or to be grieved by his good or bad conduct, so he turned to the only solace he knew. And his fellow miners said that was the worst spree Jake had been on since they knew him. It ended at last with a terrible illness from which he was some time recovering. But he was able to go to his work at last, day after day.

Again he joined his companions in the saloon, evenings, and days when the mine was shut down. And the money saved for an almost sacred purpose was quickly squandered at the gaming-table, and his life went on again as though poor little Julie had never existed.

What his thoughts were they could only judge from his actions which seemed to spring from a defiant mood, as though rebelling against a power that would advocate a different course of conduct and at one blow rob him of the only incentive to adopt the change. Yet none dared broach the subject of his loss.

With the next spring came Grace Harkness to teach the few unruly children of the camp.

She boarded at the Morrisses, as had her predecessor, for the first few weeks of her term. But when "John James" came down with fever, poor over-worked Mrs. Morris decided she was no longer able to perform the extra work required in boarding the schoolmarm, so Grace came to the house where Jake had boarded since his return from the East.

Previous to that time he had shared one of the small cabins with a chum, and taken his meals at the cook-house.

Jake never seemed to notice the women of the camp ; he seldom spoke to those he met every day and always seemed to avoid giving them even a glance. So noticeable had been this peculiarity of his that all wondered at his bestowing so much attention and affection upon even a sister as he had shown for Julie.

Grace Harkness took an interest in the great shy fellow from the time they told her of his trouble ; though she was much shocked at the manner in which he sought to drown his grief, she decided to try and say something that might, in a measure, comfort him, and fancied there might be some chance for his reformation, though she thought with a shudder of the saloon down in the valley and its many frequenters.

The boarding-house was small, the room Grace occupied but little more than a closet, with just room for the narrow bed, the washstand and a chair.

As the warm days approached she was forced to spend her evenings upon the broad porch where the other boarders and members of the family congregated. The long hours of the summer evening, before it became quite dark, were spent in reading, though she was always ready to respond, pleasantly, to any attempt at conversation on the part of the boarders or her hostess, who soon became very fond of her and confided to her, unsought, many of her family trials.

But Jake plainly avoided her. He would come to the open door leading from the dining-room, and though she was seated there alone with her book, and apparently unaware of his presence, he would turn about and shuffle upstairs to his room or join his friends at the store or down the valley where she regretted his going.

She remarked anxiously to her hostess one evening, "I fear that young man doesn't like my being here for he always goes away when he sees me about."

"Don't ye pay any attention to him, dearie, ye canna tell whether he's likin' a thing or noo, for he never opens a mooth about it. He'd not stay here lang whether ye wur here or noo. He's a queer lad, Jake," said the woman, with her slight Scottish accent.

"But I feel sorry for him, Mrs. Graham, to think a man like that should care so much for his sister, though he had not seen her but that one time in years, to try for her sake to overcome habits she did not think were right, to deny himself what had formerly constituted his pleasures to save money for her comfort, and then to think it should all end as it did in her dying, and far away from him, too, and that queer little Williams said he supposed his friend grieved more because he slipped away in the night and did not tell her he was coming back here, dreading to see her tears at their parting. He is very rough in his manners and not at all good looking, but under it all must be a very kind, noble heart. I wish, for his own sake, he would try to make something better of his life."

"A noble heart," returned the little Scotch woman with emphasis, "ye never said truer, dear; an' there ain't a man in ther camp but will tell yer the same, 'less it's some one just aching from what he's been gettin' fra the grat feests."

"Did na he nurse my James like a chiel when he had the fever last year, an' himsel' workin' on ther night shift reet along. But Jake was the only man who could quiet James when the

ravin' speels were on heem, an' he never oopened the mooth though he got but leetle more'n an hour's sleep fra ther twenty-four till the fever had gone. His heart, like his feest, is grat. But why speak about his good times wi the boys? There's na harm in a bit good time once in a wheil."

Grace looked in astonishment at the gentle little woman, who, in spite of her rough surroundings and life of toil, had a decided air of refinement. She had expected to find a ready sympathizer when she revealed her horror at the universal intemperance among the men in the camp, but, after the remark, coming from this unexpected source, she wisely kept silent.

A great lover of nature, Grace soon became almost reconciled to, if not wholly oblivious of, the uncongenial people about her and the discomforts of her temporary home. Her work kept her busily confined the greater part of the day, and the long, delightful evenings were spent in walks and contemplation of the wild beauties about her; for twilight did not fall among the mountains until after nine o'clock.

Her Saturdays were also spent in the forest or down by the brawling, foaming mountain stream, in the spot where the great rocks, that seemed to have been tossed down from the mountain height above, had assumed the shape of ruins and afforded numerous seats or tables, and even the shelter of a narrow roof in case of a sudden mountain shower.

The two daughters of the superintendent, who were just through school in the city, were to accompany her one Saturday, and with a generous basket of lunch they set forth.

The glorious air of the mountains brought vigor and elasticity to her frame, weak and languid with its week of monotonous toil. The delightful odors of a forest in spring were wafted about them as they walked down the steep slope under the great fir trees to the stream far below. A wealth of nodding, blushing azalias grew ready to their hands, and down in the crevices of the rocks or on some ledge jutting over the stream, where the earth had been deposited by floods, grew the graceful, transparent bleeding-heart.

The day passed swiftly; the hour approached when they were expected home; they had at the last moment filled the empty lunch basket with flowers, their arms also were laden; they had ascended some distance up the mountain when Grace glanced across the stream and espied among the ferns and grasses a cluster of tiny blue blossoms. "Oh, look, girls," she cried, "the wild forget-me-not; there is a place lower down

where we could cross the stream and get them ; there is plenty of time."

"Oh, we have flowers enough ; besides, if we can cross the stream, it is very hard walking on the bank over the other side," said the younger girl.

"There is no need of all going, you can wait here and I will go for them myself," said Grace good-naturedly.

"Celia can stay with you and I will go on," returned the girl who had first spoken ; so Celia cast herself beside the flowers, and Grace hurried back and began her journey down the stream to the crossing point. Almost an hour had passed before she had reached the flowers on the opposite bank.

"You've been a long time," called her friend. "If it takes you as long to come back it will be dark down here before we start home."

"It's not so very late," Grace returned, taking out her watch. Her hands were full of flowers, she was standing unsteadily upon the steep bank, when the stone upon which one of her feet rested gave way and in catching at the bushes near to save herself from falling she let the little timepiece drop from her hand. It glided smoothly with a rustle like the rush of a serpent down to the water's very edge ; but there, the chain which would not catch before, was twisted about a strong twig and the watch hung suspended over the black, brawling stream.

"You'll never get down there in the world," cried her friend. "You'll surely fall if you try, and they say the water's terribly deep just at that spot ; just leave it," she called easily, "and I'll get father to send a man down ; they can cut a tree that will fall across right near, come on."

But Grace refused to leave her watch, the last Christmas gift of her father before his death, which had sent her out into the world to earn her bread. No, she could not go and leave it hanging there, the twig might break or some one might be prowling near. But the bank was very steep, she cast down the flowers, thinking they would be dearly bought should she fail to recover her watch.

She glanced up the stream ; some few rods above the bank was a trifle less steep, she could descend at that point and from there walk along the rocks that jutted up from the water close by the shore. She started slowly for the spot, had nearly reached it when another treacherous stone rolled from under her foot and the bushes she caught at failed to hold her weight. Her shriek, when she felt herself falling, was mingled with that

of her friend who had seen the accident from the opposite bank.

It was no use catching at the bushes, at the grass, at the little enticing flowers that had lured her to this; there was no help, and she went down to the very brink of the stream, falling some six feet sheer through hanging bushes which concealed a gravelly shelf below.

Poor Celia, shrieking upon the opposite bank, had expected to see her plunge into the foaming waters, but the earth, caving away during the early freshets, had left a tiny level, like a narrow beach, fortunately, just large enough to hold the girl's prostrate form.

She was slightly stunned by the fall; but her relief was great when, recovering, she found herself still upon shore instead of struggling in the water. She thought lightly of her scratches and bruises, wondering how she should escape from her present position. She had fallen upon her right side, the arm beneath her. As she tried to rise upon her elbow she fell back sick and faint, her wrist was either broken or badly sprained—her knowledge of such things was not sufficient to tell her which it might be—but her sufferings and terror caused her to sob aloud.

"What shall we do! What shall we do!" came the voice of her friend above the roaring stream.

But just when their despair was at its height the problem of what they could do was solved, without an effort on their part.

A tall form came swiftly down the mountain side and paused as he reached the bank where Celia stood; without looking about he said shortly, "What is it?"

The girl pointed across the stream at poor Grace lying so near its edge that her dress was washed by the swirling waters. He took in the situation at a glance. He cast his eyes about searchingly up and down the banks of the stream, then up the sides of the mountain. There was nothing that could be thrown across as a temporary bridge and that part of the river, where Grace lay, was wider and deeper than any place in the whole stream.

He turned to Celia.

"You'd better go home and ask your father to send some one with an axe, or if you see Dan McKenzie on the way tell him to come." He hesitated a moment and then added, "I wouldn't tell any one else about it, she won't care to have the whole camp down here."

Celia had known Jake for a long time as a man her father fully trusted, and she did not hesitate to do as he suggested. She spoke encouragingly to her friend and hurried away.

She had gone but a few rods when Jake called her back and said in the same curt tones :

"I think perhaps you'd better stay, 'twould be dark before they'd get here and it won't do to wait ; I'll do what I can." And he started down the stream.

He knew he must not waste that precious hour of daylight left to them. He sought the narrowest part of the stream without going down to the ford, or stepping stones, over which Grace had passed. He gave one powerful leap and cleared the stream landing among the bushes on the opposite side. Hurrying as fast as the steepness of the bank allowed, he reached the spot where Grace lay.

She looked up timidly as he came near, stepping upon boulders projecting from the water or hanging on by shrubs near the water's edge.

"You are hurt," he said, looking down upon her.

She answered faintly, "It's my hand, I can not rise or turn."

He planted his feet upon the tiny beach beside her. There was hardly room for him to stand. He reached down, slowly almost timidly sliding his great strong arm beneath her ; tenderly mindful of the injured hand, he raised her to her feet.

The pain in the wrist was intense, she felt faint and dizzy and leaned against the bank for a moment.

Jake drew from his pocket a large handkerchief and formed a sling for her arm.

"It's sprained," he said, after a moment's examination of the wrist.

Then again he hesitated and looked about uneasily, reminding Grace of one of her boys when about to receive punishment.

The voice of the girl on the opposite bank rang out :

"Oh, do hurry, Jake ; I'm so afraid it will be dark before you can cross."

This seemed to decide him. He swiftly put his arm about the trembling girl before him and thus encumbered turned toward the difficult way he had just passed.

They made slow progress ; when they came to places where there was foothold for but one Jake raised his charge with that one powerful arm that supported her ; never forgetting the injured hand, he alternately led or carried her back to a point in the stream below where he himself had crossed.

He had not spoken since those first few words addressed to her ; he now said :

"I shall have to carry you across ; don't be afraid but hold steady." And picking her up as one would a child he started across the stream.

Carefully over the slippery stones, the water boiling and rushing to the depth of his knees, he picked his way.

After the first moment of embarrassment, Grace clung about his neck dizzy, weak and hysterical, feeling as though the black waters must sweep them both away.

"Shut your eyes," commanded her deliverer, divining her thoughts.

Doing as she was bidden the water no longer drew her attention, and the thought of her ludicrous position struck her.

She had been making great efforts to keep back her tears, the impulse now changed to laughter and, wholly unable to control it, she burst into a hysterical giggle.

Jake had paused in the middle of the stream, doubtful where his next step would be. His burden seemed heavier every moment and this convulsive laughter was very disconcerting; he commanded sternly, "Don't laugh or I may drop you." And Grace could hear his teeth shut tightly together.

She was frightened for a moment and sat perfectly quiet, thinking she would ask his pardon for her thoughtlessness when they were safely landed, but as he proceeded the hysterical impulse again got the best of her reason and peal after peal of laughter rang above the roar of the stream.

Poor Jake seemed to divine the uselessness of any attempt to check her and struggled across to the opposite bank with his quivering burden.

She almost fell from his arms as they reached the rocky bank where Celia met them, having watched their progress anxiously from her side.

She exclaimed indignantly, "I shouldn't think you'd feel like laughing. I should imagine I ought to get down on my knees in thankfulness that some one was sent who had sense enough to get me out of such a plight. I expected to see you both go down in the water together when you first began acting so crazy."

"Oh, I am thankful," said Grace, pausing for breath, "but it all seemed so, so absurd," she cried, indulging in another hysterical peal of laughter which ended in tears.

Jake looked very uncomfortable. This phase of a woman's nature he could not understand, and one could hardly tell by the changing expression of his face how it affected him.

Celia supposed him very angry and thought with dread of his leaving them alone with night so near; she said soothingly:

"There, there, Grace, don't cry. You are safe now and have your watch, thanks to Jake here, and we'll soon be home. When you've had your wrist attended to and eaten some supper

you'll feel all right again. We're all nearly starved. I'll take your lame arm and Jake will walk on the other side. Come, Jake," to the man who approached with some little hesitation.

Through the fast falling darkness, up the slippery mountain side, they hurried as fast as circumstances permitted, and had reached the village before the long 'spring twilight had given place to darkness.

As they walked up the one long street, Lizzie, upon her perch as usual, espied them.

"Fur ther goodness sake, ef here ain't ther teacher an' Celia Watkins walkin' with Jake Morrison," she exclaimed. "What in ther world, Dan—well, I declare! if she hain't got her arm in a sling," catching sight of the knotted handkerchief. "I wonder how she got hurt? Serves her right," unfeelingly, "she's always trapesin' round ther woods, an' runnin' down ter ther river, an' them Watkins girls, too. They're no better than I am, an' I'm kept here in ther house workin' fur a great lot of hungry boarders. Hope that teacher ain't hurt so ther school 'll have ter close fur a spell an' we'll have all them young ones home under foot."

Lizzie Jones did not get her wish, for Grace was unable to resume her duties until another week had elapsed, and the young ones ran riot about the camp.

"A great fuss about nothin'," sneered Lizzie, as she threw down the dishes for the family breakfast the morning it was announced by her brother John there would be no school that week.

"Now, see here, Liz," he cried, "don't go ter talkin' about my teacher; ef she wants ter have a lame hand she's a goin' ter have it, an' make all the fuss she wants ter. You needn't look so blamed mad, neither, ef you are jealous because Dan said she was the purtiest girl that had ever come ter the camp."

Lizzie was not in a very amiable mood that morning, and essayed a box on John's ear as she passed him.

He dodged the blow, and, after glancing furtively about, took his revenge by drawing his tongue quickly and effectively across the spout of the syrup cup, a portion of whose sweet contents he had been pouring upon his cakes. He felt he had got even, as this was an action abhorred and strictly forbidden by his sister.

During the week of her idleness Grace found she had achieved a victory, for Jake no longer shunned her society, but seemed to seek it of his own accord; she hoped that the time to exert her influence for good over him had come.

He came by degrees to speak of his past, and mentioned his

sister's name, seeming grateful for the womanly sympathy his story called forth. And when Grace offered to read aloud from the book he said was Julie's favorite, he thanked her warmly, and in listening forgot to meet his comrades at the usual rendezvous that night.

Nothing occurring in the little camp passed unnoticed. His fellow miners dared not joke with him as they would have with another, but they said among themselves with wonder, tinged with fear lest he hear them, "Jake's sweet on the school-marm."

Little Dave shook his head dubiously.

"He's goin back ter ther old ways, boys, an' this time it's on account of some other feller's sister. He's never 'peared right here since ther little girl made him promise ter give up havin' a good time, with the rest of us boys, an' then up an' died," he would say, tapping his forehead significantly.

Grace, hearing nothing of their remarks, and conscious alone of a desire to do good, went on with her efforts to direct in the right channel the mind she felt was so superior to the man's surroundings.

She had spoken of her own home, one evening, and brought out a case of pictures that he might see those of her parents. She showed those of other relatives and friends, one after another. The last in the case was that of a youth who would undoubtedly be called handsome, though the face showed lack of character to a close observer.

A quick change of expression passed over the face of the young man beside her, but he asked with a show of indifference if this, too, were the picture of a relative.

"It is a friend," she said, "who will soon take his place in the world's work as a minister of the gospel. I have known him almost from childhood," she added, with a blush which her companion, intent upon his scrutiny of the picture, did not notice.

At last he laid it aside and, giving her one swift glance, bade her good night.

The fourth and last month of Grace's school had begun.

She was considered a faithful teacher; even the youngsters, before so unmanageable, had become quite tractable, and really began to learn.

The youths of the camp were all ardent admirers though they admired at a distance; for with the exception of Jake, whom she pitied, she said little to any of them.

The young girls did not dislike her for she made no attempt to supplant them in the affections of their sweethearts as they

feared, at first, she might do. For they did not consider Grace, with all her advantages, any better than themselves, or question that her tastes might be different, and she might look down upon their rough mountaineers.

The kind little woman with whom she made her temporary home regarded her with pride and affection, and felt herself slightly raised in importance above her neighbors because of Grace's residence with her; and Grace herself was homesick no longer or disgusted with her employment, as at first.

She seemed to feel the calm of the great mountains about her so intensely that lesser things, with their turmoil and strivings, seemed hardly worth a troubled thought.

She performed her daily duties, scarce conscious of the many annoyances with which she was beset. She had never tried to analyze her feelings, to know the cause of this change, yet some one had taken upon himself the task. Two weeks before her school closed she received the following letter:

My Dear Grace:

You can not understand my happiness when I think how near is the time when we shall meet once more, after our long separation. And I am unable to account for the tone of regret that has lately crept into your letters when speaking of the close of your school.

I am aware that you have always been a great admirer of nature, yet the disadvantages of a four months' sojourn among the people you have described would more than counterbalance all the beauties nature could spread before me in a lifetime.

I know of old your enthusiasm in doing good, but do not let it carry you too far.

Among the people of your own class the reformation of a life would be a noble act; but among those ignorant people, who know no other life, it will be different. Grace, do not be angry when I tell you they will say in their coarse language that you are in love with that man.

Think how horrible! The name of my future wife associated with that of an ignorant, dissipated miner.

Do not think they consider him in any way beneath you; in their almost savage independence they acknowledge no one as superior, and to them, the natural ending of any interest shown by people of opposite sexes for each other is marriage.

Forgive me, dear, if I have wounded you, but you must see with me, upon reflection, it is a case of casting pearls before the swine.

The hot blood had risen to her face as she read and tears of anger and mortification sprang to her eyes.

She sat quite still looking straight before her ; the twilight crept slowly over the mighty hills. The housewife and her daughter were busy with their evening duties, and the rattle and clash of the numerous dishes and kitchen utensils came faintly to her ears.

One by one the boarders had strolled away and she was quite alone. Darkness crept after the twilight, the soft dewy darkness of a spring night, rent here and there by the glow of a light far down the valley, where her eyes wandered, or the swinging of a lantern, telling of the home coming of some belated toiler, or neighbors making a friendly evening call at the far end of the camp. Presently there came the sound of footsteps ascending the long flight of stairs leading from the street up the hill. The firm elastic tread of strength and youth.

They approached, and glancing up she beheld, through the shadows, the tall, erect form and massive head she expected to see.

Grace replied faintly to his grave good evening and bade him be seated.

Sensitive to a degree the young man was struck by the change in her usual cordial manner and frank pleasure, displayed at his coming, and hesitated a moment before taking the chair toward which she motioned him. But seeing the letter in her hand and fancying it might have something to do with her mood, he seated himself and said :

"No bad news, I hope, Miss Harkness?"

She replied slowly, "No bad news, only," she added after a pause, "I have received a letter I was not expecting, that is all."

He made no further comments and still puzzled over her strange manner until Grace herself broke the silence by saying abruptly :

"Do you know that I am going away very soon? My school closes in just two weeks."

There came no response to this remark; her companion changed his position. Resting his arm upon the railing of the porch he dropped his head upon his hand; in her quick impulsive way she rose and stood near him, saying :

"You do not say you are sorry."

In a thick strange voice the answer came at last, "I did not think there was any need to tell you that."

She turned without a word and ran up to her little room. Hastily lighting the lamp she caught up the case of pictures, and, with an expression bordering upon scorn, looked long at the

picture of the young man that had attracted the miner's attention. It was he who had written the letter she had just read.

She raised her eyes at last, and, looking straight at her own image in the glass before her, she said, "Culture and refined surroundings can produce ease of expression and pleasing manners, but they can not bring to any man nobility of soul." Then flinging the picture from her, and throwing herself upon the bed, she cried brokenly: "And neither culture nor pride can make a woman conscious until some one shall tell her that she has been making a fool of herself."

The last week of Grace's school was drawing to a close.

Jake was hurrying home, possessed with an uncontrollable longing to hear the low voice that so soon would be heard no more in the humble boarding-house.

Suddenly, with thoughts of that living voice came thoughts of the childlike tones of his dead sister; he had been so occupied with a new grief of late, she had been almost forgotten. It gave him a pang to remember this, as though he had wronged a tender living heart.

He paused as though a hand had detained him, and stood motionless upon the narrow path that wound down the mountain. He glanced up at the tall, abrupt mountains covered with giant fir trees wrapped in their perpetual green.

Far beyond the verdant peaks rose still higher mountains whose snow-white summits cut clear and sparkling into the softness and blue of the sky. The sun hanging low cast out rays of tinted light as a dying hand casting out jewels unfit for paradise.

For the first time in all his life Jake thought this a beautiful world; was it the thought of Julie just then turning his thoughts up to the heights above him?

A strange calm and peace seemed to steal over him; the sorrow that had been tugging at his heart for weeks seemed a thing of the past now.

That the loving little sister, with comfort in her presence, was somewhere, not so very far away, he never doubted. Perhaps over yonder, where all the rose and gold and dazzle of pearly whiteness formed a part of her surroundings, and he turned homeward filled with happy thoughts.

Jake had always tried to avoid meeting Grace when wearing his soiled mining clothes. He usually took a roundabout course to reach the wash-room at the rear of the house, unobserved. But to-night he was thinking so intently of other things that he followed his fellow workmen up the one long street that ran through the camp.

A word from one of the men caused him to look up as they neared the boarding-house. He saw Grace at whose side walked a stranger, a young man of prepossessing appearance. Jake started at sight of him.

Grace hardly glanced at the poor fellow, so changed by his soiled clothes and blackened face; she failed to recognize him, and passed on with her friend without a word of greeting.

Jake raged inwardly with shame at his appearance, and what he supposed was an intentional slight. His first impulse was to leave the house; a feeling of disgust came over him as he thought of the way he had met his troubles a year ago. Whatever came he resolved, as his brows contracted and his firm lips compressed themselves, he would meet it as a man should meet an enemy and make no sign that he was overcome.

Grace and her betrothed had dined at the superintendent's house. For Mr. Norton had been a schoolmate of the son, and it was through his influence Grace had obtained her place as teacher, when he found her determined to take a position of some sort to lessen the burdens of her widowed mother.

"I have not seen the miner in whom you were so interested, yet," said the young man, abruptly, as he accompanied Grace back to her boarding place.

She did not reply at once; she had been very quiet and absent-minded for some time past, and the unexpected arrival of her friend had not caused any change in her manner.

She replied, as they reached the steps leading up the hill, "You can see him now if you wish, he is upon the veranda."

The moon was at its full and objects as plainly distinguishable as though it were day.

No change could be detected in the countenance of the miner as Grace presented her friend; but Mr. Norton showed unmistakable embarrassment.

He tried to appear cordial, however, and asked numerous questions about his work of the miner. "I'll come and see you in the mines sometime to-morrow," he said, nervously, as he bade them good night and returned to his friend's house.

Grace had noticed his manner when in the miner's presence, attributing it to his annoyance at the interest she had shown in him. She felt very indignant, and supposed he had come to the mines to ascertain if the remarks he had predicted were made in regard to her conduct, although she was too proud to accuse him of this, or allude to the subject in any way.

Jake started even earlier than usual to his work the next morning, anxious to be employed. The men on the night shift were just coming home. They met him with, "Hello, Jake,

you are out early," and passed on, hardly noticing that their salutation received no answer, or that his face was pale and haggard.

When the mine was reached Jake rested upon a bowlder, waiting for his comrade to join him in the descent. This man, who was married and had his own quiet home at the far end of the village, took little interest in what occurred among the single men of the camp; so the looks, and what he termed sulkiness, of his fellow-workman passed as the result of a night's carousal at the saloon, a too common occurrence among the men to cause remark.

The eight hours which comprised a day's work were nearly passed when young Norton sought the chamber in which Jake was at work. "I've come to have you show me about," said he in a rather hesitating tone.

Jake made no reply, but slowly laid aside the pick he was using and turned toward the long tunnel beyond. When they were out of hearing of his comrade Jake turned so suddenly that the young man following shrank back with a movement of alarm. "Well, what is it?" demanded the miner, folding his arms in his expressive way.

The other hesitated: "You did not tell her?" he said at last faintly.

"Tell her what?" Jake replied, as though he did not understand.

The man in front of him, who looked so slight and pale by the flickering light of the lamp upon the miner's cap, looked in the dark face above his, for a moment, and replied:

"About that—that money. About the first time I met you, and—and what you did for me. I hope you will believe me when I tell you I would have paid it long ago, but I have never been able to do so. My father has given me every cent he could spare, our family is a large one, and there are younger brothers to be educated, and there has been much sickness, but I—"

Jake interrupted him. "I don't want your money. I told you so at the time. I never expected it back again; but about my telling—" he hesitated, then used the term the other made use of—"telling her," he repeated, "you need not worry; she knows nothing of that," with scorn in his tones.

The other gave a sigh of relief. "I would rather she did not, though such a thing will never happen again; still it is better she did not know. I thank you for keeping my secret; you have been kind in every way; you're a right good fellow," extending his hand.

A car drawn by mules came rumbling by; the driver shout-

ing and whistling alternately, ducking his head when they came to the low parts of the tunnel, and then swearing at the indifferent mules, as though to get even for his discomfort. They passed around the curve and out of sight, but Jake never moved from his position or noticed the extended hand.

His companion looked disconcerted and ill at ease, but the scornful eyes seemed to hold him. At last Jake said, "You have been weak in one thing, and have shown yourself a coward; what's in a man's nature no religion or good resolutions will ever kill out if he's too great a coward to confess it and stand his chance to be forgiven. She has a right to know. If I thought you wouldn't make her happy," and his voice shook as he stepped nearer his trembling companion, "I'd make you give her up if I killed you."

Young Norton could hardly control his voice as he replied: "I give you my word I'll try to make her happy, that is, if she cares for me any longer. This life up here seems to have changed her. I felt the change in her letters, but thought it was the hard work, the teaching, which is new to her, poor girl. But I don't think I could bear it if Grace decided to give me up, and the time so near when I shall be in a position to care for her as my wife."

He never meant to say this, and to that man before him, but he felt as though the words were drawn from him by the strange presence that seemed to take possession of his will. He went on, unable to withhold his speech. "Her letters have been full of you since the first—your trouble, your tender-hearted deeds, your strength to resist temptation when inclined, and her wish to see you away from here, predicting all sorts of possibilities for your future if you once got on the right track. I was jealous of the man she wrote of, and came to see for myself if my suspicions were correct, and you were the man—you to whom I was under obligations."

The man with folded arms laughed loud and scornfully. The miners, now leaving their work, looked around in surprise; it was an unusual thing for Jake to laugh like that; he turned and strode on a few paces, then stopped, just where the tunnel was low and narrow, waiting for the men to pass by. When none were near he spoke again, in the same scornful tone: "Jealous of me," stretching out his powerful arms as though challenging inspection. "Of me," he repeated. "If years of privation, of hunger, of wanderings among the worst of both men and womankind, of knowing nothing of books save that a boy of twelve might know, of being looked upon with suspicion by people whose own boys were fed and clothed and housed; with

contempt, when a man, because of my ignorance, my awkwardness, my low position—if all this has made me what a refined woman could love, you surely had cause to be jealous." He took a step nearer, and half closed his long, dark eyes, which even in the dim light flashed and shone with changing expression.

"But," he said, with an accent that his companion would never forget, "if I were what people would call your equal, I would give you cause for jealousy. Neither you nor any man upon God's earth should stand between me and any woman I loved, if I dragged in chains through the uttermost depths of hell, hereafter, to atone for sin committed in winning her. But I would not commit the coward's sin of dragging a woman down to my level to suffer, in time, regret and humiliation; for I can't undo the work of years and rise to her level and requirements in a day. And the first look of shame at any failure of mine would make me wish myself dead and she free from the curse of my presence. I seem all right up here among the mountains, but away, among people of another kind, the great hulking body is what they'll notice first and judge you by. They won't go by what your intentions are; that's something they can't see and only find out occasionally, but the body's there before them to tell its own story of habits of hard work and ignorance, of manners at least, just as long as you're on earth. You may dress it up, but it's just the same; you're out of place in clothes you haven't always worn. How would I look dressed as you were yesterday when you came, silk hat and all?"

He laughed again that harsh, ringing laugh.

One of the little trappers said to himself sulkily, "Wonder what Jake Morrison's laughin' at agin; ef he was half as hungry as I am he wouldn't feel so jolly, that's what."

Jake went on: "I began wrong; things seemed hard for me always, and they keep getting worse. It isn't the money—I can make plenty of that wherever I go; but it's too late for money to do me much good now—that is, in the way I should care for it. It's too late."

There came the sound of confusion, in the distance, but Norton did not understand and Jake did not heed it until close upon them came a roar and rush of some huge body. With one quick movement Jake pushed the smaller man into a depression in the rough wall of rock and earth, out of harm's way, but he made no effort to save himself, and the heavy run-away car struck him and passed on.

And they bore him carefully up into the afternoon sunlight that streamed broadly upon the strong blackened face, back to

the little boarding-house and up to his own small, uncomfortable room, where all the night before he had tossed about with a scarce comprehended pain at his heart.

News of the accident spread quickly, and groups of men stood about the door eagerly waiting the doctor's coming. With most of the men he was a favorite, and even those who had felt the persuasive power of his brawny fist forgot all grievances in the fact that Jake was dying.

Poor little Dave Williams hurried from his work, and, pushing his way through the crowd, stood beside the bed. He still wore his miner's soiled dress, the lamp upon his head was still alight, and down his grimy face great tears were streaming. He threw himself upon his knees and began to sob and fondle the great brown hand whose mate lay crushed and bleeding upon the other side.

"Oh, Jake," he cried, "did ye do it a purpose? I haven't a friend in the world but you, an' now you're done fur. I'd like ter go along ther same track."

The doctor arriving sternly commanded silence, and sent the gaping crowd from the room, closing the door. It seemed a long time before he came out with the man of the house, who had been assisting him.

He said, gravely, as the honest Scotchman beside him began to sob like a child, "He is conscious, and I think wishes to see some one, but he can not live an hour."

Mrs. Graham, with a woman's quick intuition, whispered, "Miss Gracie."

Grace came almost immediately; she was just returning from school when Lizzie Jones met her at the foot of the steps, saying, eagerly, "Jake Morrison's killed; been struck by a car as he was comin' outer ther mine with your feller."

Grace hurried up the steps with a face so white it looked quite unfamiliar. She entered the injured man's room with the little Scotch woman, who closed the door behind her.

All traces of toil had been removed from the face that lay upon the hard pillow, its pallor intensified by the mass of straight black hair above the brow.

He looked up, smiling faintly as she came near. He did not impress her as being ugly; she had grown to think his the fitting form and face for the grand personalty that had charmed her, at its best.

The consciousness that he was coming to his own, that the clay was fast losing its power to hold that which might have made him a leader among men, had dispelled his air of habitual

diffidence in her presence ; he seemed calmly conscious that they stood on a level now.

His fingers closed tenderly over the little trembling hand with which she touched his own. "It's the best thing to happen, little girl," he said faintly ; "things couldn't be any different now—it would be too late."

Grace did not sob or cry ; a bewildering horror seemed to take possession of her faculties ; she could only cling to the hand, whose feeble strength held her own, as though she, too, must follow him beyond, or hold him back to earth.

He rallied again, and went on, "I shall be near you always ; when the sun goes down behind the great bald mountains and the sky is all lit up with red and gold ; or when the moon comes out like a great white wheel and the firs look like black spears pricking the sky ; or when the nights are soft and black, with only the lights twinkling along the camp, and the air seems full of whispers without words, and you are sitting alone as you used to—" he stopped, and the swift look of pain clouded his pale face, "but you will not be here, you will be far away from the mountains ; but wherever you are I will come to you ; there will be no power that can hold me back—none." Then, with a return of his old fierceness, "If he does not make you happy as he promised, if there is such a thing as punishment permitted, he shall suffer, beyond man's former power to suffer, for any harm done you."

His voice seemed to fail and the great drops stood thickly on his brow, but his eyes were still fixed upon her face ; he still held her hand closely. A ray from the dying sun shot suddenly through the narrow window, and like a finger touched the jetty hair ; the pallid face changed slowly.

As though drawn by the power of those fast dimming eyes, Grace bent over and for a moment their lips met. "It is best," he whispered, and then the soul was free.

The loyal little hostess passed her arm around the girl and led her by a back way into the dingy sitting-room. Norton was there, lying full length upon the shabby lounge, his face shaded by his hands. He rose as they entered silently.

With a tender touch and look the little woman placed Grace in the one easy chair by the open window, and without a glance at the young man left the room. He came and rested one hand upon the back of the great chair in which the girl was seated.

"I'm sorry about it all, Grace," he said nervously, "and sorry if I said anything in that letter to hurt your feelings. Of course it is natural to take an interest in those about us, and this being obliged to work for your living throws you in

such close contact with people who awaken your interest by their very contrast to the people one has always known; we naturally fall to studying their characters and making the most of the good in them. When you become my wife, which will be possible very soon, I hope, you will have plenty of time and opportunity to indulge your desire to do good, though I am thankful you need not be brought into such close contact with the objects of your sympathy."

The girl addressed did not reply. Her sad blue eyes were fixed upon the hills beyond, seen through the little window; she gave no sign that she heard him.

Norton paced back and forth restlessly. "Say Grace," he said at last, coming back to her chair, "he was a good fellow, a grand fellow in spite of his awkwardness and looks. He could have made something of his life, even yet, had not this happened; but he was so morbidly sensitive he fancied the whole world looked with contempt upon him, not much like the rest of his class who feel they're as good, if not better, than the rest of the world. He was a good fellow," Norton repeated. "I think I'll tell you something, Grace, that I couldn't tell you before, but I feel as though I had to tell it now.

"You know what a time father had to raise the money to send me away to school, and couldn't have but for your father's assistance. Well, when I started away, with all the money they could spare at home, we fell in with a set of sharpers who gradually led us to gambling and, of course, I lost every cent I had without enough left to buy my meals! I was half wild, for none of the boys of my party could loan me any and I dared not write home to father. Morrison, poor fellow, was on the train, and seemed to understand the situation with that wonderful intuitive sense of his, and before I knew what I was doing I had received from him more money than I had lost, and some good advice which I have tried to follow. I knew when you first wrote of him who he was, but he never told you of me, Grace, poor fellow."

Grace turned toward him, but did not speak; he could not read the expression in her sad eyes, but it made him very uncomfortable.

He said uneasily again, "I hope you'll forgive me, Grace; I thought 'twas no use to tell you before, but, somehow, I feel now as though you must know all his generosity; he was a good fellow," Norton repeated for the third time. "Grace" he said at length, as she did not speak, "you won't let what I've told you make any difference, now?" You won't refuse to forgive me if

I hurt your feelings in that letter? You do not forget your promise to be my wife?"

Grace turned her eyes away from the distant mountains where the sunset tints had all faded and said wearily, "Whatever there is to forgive I freely forgive you, Wilber, but do not remind me now, at least, of the promise to be your wife."

Clare Carlyle.

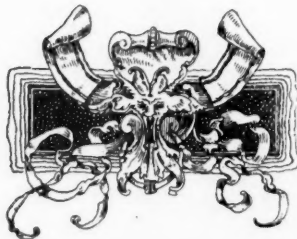
SONNET.

TO MADONNA MIA.

SLEEP! Ah, it seems to me that I have slept
Through all my life until your spirit came
To wake me,—as with sudden flash of flame
You upwards from my dark horizon swept;
While through my wondering senses wildly leapt
Perceptions new and glorious. Gone all tame
Emotions of the past. I know your name.
God for my perfect day your presence kept.

And shall I sleep again, and lose the sight
Of your dear face? Shall I not always keep
Fast hold of you, as of God-given light,
That so in it I may all darkness steep?
With loss of you, each day becomes the night:
If you are mine, I wake although I seem to sleep.

James Poyntz Nelson.



THE BURDEN OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.



FOUNDATIONS for three monumental lives, my boys ! What are we going to build on 'em ?" The delicate fist of the ambitious architect came down with a force to disturb the equilibrium of three diplomas which had recently transformed "tough Meds" into honorable "M. D.'s," and the scrolls curved toward the middle of the coverless table into prophetic proximity for character-superstructures. But his companions were neither enthusiastic nor impressionable ; they were sleepy—too sleepy for air-casting, or even to press the hospitality of their cheerless room upon a guest who was welcome to betake himself at any moment to his own luxurious home in another part of the city. Graduating is wearisome business, and a reception is more of a mental strain to a medical student than is a quiz.

Macauley's had been packed from pit to gallery—a result less significant, however, of the brilliancy and popularity of the present year's class than of Louisville's pride in being a medico-surgical manufacturing center ; for the attendance upon the commencement exercises of even the stupidest of classes was never limited save by the capacity of the house. Still, this particular class had some cause for complacency, in that their representative, the valedictorian, had won tumultuous applause and caused a few of the older and more conservative brother-professionals to experience the sensation of hair-lifting, or goose-flesh where pates were bald, by the revolutionary, empirical, quackish theories he advanced, and thereby reflected credit of progressiveness upon the entire class.

The three whose lives fate entangled upon this, the night of their graduation, were the friends around the table in an upper back room of a Chestnut-street boarding-house. They were in evening dress, having but just come from the reception given in honor of the distinguished Dr. A., an alumnus of '57, who had delivered the address. One of them was the popular valedictorian who was also the ambitious architect of a monumental reputation, and yet more definitely Gabriel Noir, friend and familiar guest of his present companions, Davis and Herrick.

He was a "miscellaneous youth," versatile and volatile, and made friends more through the superabundance of his own affections than through any very strong personal appeal to the affections of others. At present his character of guest at such an unseasonable hour, as well as the juxtaposition of his diploma, were due to his having utilized his friends' limited quarters for a dressing-room before going to the reception, his own home being fashionably distant many blocks.

Notwithstanding his companions' disinclination to peer into the future, he insisted that they should draw aside their sheep-skin portieres and have a glimpse down the shadowy perspective of their professional career. "What's to be your line, Charley; settled on it yet?" he persisted.

Charles Davis, henceforth Dr. Davis, squared his arms on the table, with comfortable disregard for the elbows of his borrowed dress suit, and gazed with frank affection at the neat roll that was a certificate to the result of his four years of steady, laborious application. "I have about decided to be a general practitioner," he said; "a few of them are needed for cases of emergency, when the right specialist don't happen to be within reach."

"Very dry, my friend, both as to humor and anticipation. I had hoped you might reveal some bias toward suggestive-therapeutics which would afford me the opportunity of performing many important surgical operations, in collaboration with yourself, under hypnotic analgesia."

"Follow that line yourself; it is a specialty you were born to. Let Philip do the cutting."

"Philip will do what Little Neddie has been doing all his life, and after awhile will step into the vacated or abdicated shoes. I admit his predisposition toward surgery, but it is made null and void by a foreordination to the calling of his preceptor. . . . Eh, Phil?"

"Your clairvoyance goes to strengthen Davis' sage advice," was the assenting, rather than evasive, reply of the young man whose future plans appeared to be an open secret. He was unlike either of his companions, his easy composure being as different from Davis' stolidity as it was from Noir's volatility, and his blondness contrasting with the former's neutrality almost as strongly as with the latter's darkness. Each had probably passed his twenty-second birthday, but not yet reached his twenty-third, while as to personalities they were as varied as German, Anglo Saxon and French ancestry could make three American-born youths.

"I haven't time to experiment with vocations," Herrick added, with careless confidentialness.

"What! is there to be no intermission between rostrum and curtain lectures; no rest from quizzes? Ah, pity! that so lofty a brow—fitter, even, to throb with psychical problems than to direct the surgical knife—should be destined to be soothed into lethargic commonplaceness by woman's hand!"

"You are wasting your vital force, Gabe, if you are trying to hypnotize me. I am not a—er—what do you call 'em? suggestible subject," he replied, indifferently, to the familiar apostrophe.

"Own it less boastfully," advised the tyro-hypnotizer, with ironic compassion.

"Why?"

"Don't start Gabe talking shop this time o' night; we've had enough of it for one day," yawned Davis. But the enthusiast's tongue was already set a-going while Davis' capacious jaws were yet ajar; and the hour was not so late, to these night-owls at least, as to make the fellow-students ill-natured, even in the track of a mounted hobby.

"Your skepticism is quite the orthodox thing. Science never takes a forward step without bumping up against ignorances, prejudices and rut-runners. How long has it been since quinine and vaccination were fought against? Since Renak was hauled over the coals on account of the galvanic battery? Since the cold-water cure was rejected? Since massage was laughed at? Opposition, when it results in careful investigation, advances science; and, in spite of you *a priori* rejecters, hypnotism has come to the front to stay. You ask why it is not flattering to be lacking in suggestibility? For the simple reason that idiots are devoid of it, insane persons are lacking in it, hysterical men and women and vacillating or absent-minded people have less of it than the mature or sound mind. The consensus of scientific opinion is that a sound brain is above all things necessary for hypnotic susceptibility, one authority stating it as his belief that every mentally healthy human being is hypnotizable, while another says that intelligent persons are more easily hypnotized than dull and stupid ones; that it is a mistake to say that yielding to the influence is a sign of weakness of will. The very fact that a certain amount of will power is necessary to concentrate one's thoughts upon a given thing or direct them into a particular channel renders a person with some strength of will favorable toward hynotization, provided, of course, that that will is not antagonistic. Consequently you see if you are a mentally sound person and are

capable of concentrating your thoughts you will possess suggestibility to a higher degree than you wot of, perhaps. Davis, over there, is not a pillar of strength when it comes to will-power, but he is not skeptical, and just now he is in a passive state very favorable to hypnotic influence. Suppose I suggest to him to look steadily at the tip of my nose. If I should be able to procure a fixation of gaze that would induce sleep, it would be a somnambule state to which Braid was the first to give the

name of hypnotism, though the condition itself is as old as oriental history, which tells us of Egyptian divination by crystals and by looking into vessels, of the phenomena produced by the Persian magi, and of the miraculous healing effected by religious ceremonies of the ancient Greeks. Why should not the

tip of my nose as a point of fixation of gaze be as effective as the umbilicus to the Omphalopsychics of Mount Athos? Ah-h, behold!"

Herrick started up in his chair and stared at the sprawingly recumbent Davis. He recalled the peculiar monotony of Noir's

voice during the latter part of the didactic harangue, and, despite his skepticism, was momentarily impressed. "Bah!" he exclaimed, throwing off the feeling, "he is only asleep. Your dissertation was a soporific."

"Stick a pin in him and see."

Herrick called to him instead, but received no answer. He went over and shook him vigorously; but Davis slept on, comfortably unconscious or stoically tolerant of the subsequent pummeling and pinching.

"Are you satisfied!"

"Is this a hoax, Gabriel, or do you really possess the power that makes all the negroes afraid of you?"



Noir laughed with wicked mirth. "To 'hoodoo' people, you mean? That is a darkey's epitome of spiritualism, magnetism, hypnotism, voodooism, and all other occult *et ceteras*. If to put a person *en rapport* with myself, and then regulate his acts in accordance with my own will and inclination is to 'hoodoo' him, then old Davis is a 'gone coon.' But the operators in the schools of Nancy or Salpetriere would scientifically pronounce his present condition one of skillfully induced hypnosis. You see I got his attention fixed on the tip of my nose and succeeded in awakening an image of the hypnotized ancients, which, together with his semi-belief in my power and the utterly passive state he chanced to be in at the moment, rendered him an easy subject. Shall I experiment for your further conviction? . . . Let's see. . . . Our phlegmatic friend never talks in his sleep, does he?"

"Not unless snoring be susceptible of interpretation."

"And his power of mimicry is limited?"

"Non-existent."

"Good! we will proceed. Davis . . . we are at the theater, on the stage. You are Dr. A., and it is time for you to come before the footlights . . . Arise! Come forward, . . . speak!"

To Herrick's amazement Davis arose without protest, and began the distinguished alumnus' address in the identical words and the same easy tones and graceful, fluent manner in which it had been rendered that morning.

"Wait!" Noir interrupted. "There is a mistake in the programme; the diplomas are to be conferred. . . . It is Philip Herrick's turn. . . . You are Herrick. . . . Come forward. . . . Ah! that was Phil's bow to the last curve; you never did anything half so graceful before in all your life.

. . . You have received your sheep-skin. . . . Now, you are receiving flowers. This is from Mrs. Norton. . . . Your profoundest acknowledgment—toward the box to your left.

. . . This second one, from Miss DuPree, . . . a smile and a bow—not your sweetest smile, however, for that is to be reserved for the fifth, sixth, no, eighth bouquet. . . . Here it is, . . . from Helen (keep cool, Phil, I don't mean any disrespect to Miss Dudley). . . . Be careful of your eyes, or the audience will see more than a smile of acknowledgment.

. . . The exercises are ended. . . . We are at the reception. . . . You are alone in the conservatory with your *fiancee*.

. . . She—"

"Stop, Noir, you are straining the privilege of a friend."

Gabriel Noir's influence over a hypnotized subject might be little short of the marvelous, but Philip Herrick's waking

influence over him was a superior force, and he yielded with a shrug. He assured Davis that he had had a dreamless, refreshing sleep, and ordered him to awake.

Davis opened his eyes and looked keenly from one to the other of his companions. Perhaps, owing to his recent condition, he was supersensitive to mental influence, and the more readily detected the foreign element with which the atmosphere seemed charged. No word was spoken for some seconds, but Noir and Herrick knew that their wills were clashing. Normally Philip's was the stronger; but if ever, by any chance, he should come under the influence of Gabriel's quicker, more manageable and better trained will there might be a demonstration of some of the dangers of hypnotism.

"It is time to go to roost," said Davis yawning and stretching. "If you intend favoring us for the rest of the night with your presence, Gabe, hustle out of your party togger and turn in; if not, why, clear out and give Phil and me a chance for a little beauty-sleep."

"Davis," said Herrick, examining his room-mate critically, "do you mean to say that you do not know what has been going on here?"

"Naw, been better employed; who wants to attend quizes this time of night?"

"Phil does," said Gabriel, half-jokingly, half-maliciously. "He is interested in the subject of hypnotism and wants to demonstrate satisfactorily to himself how far the possessor of an obstinate will can of his own accord, *suo ex mromotu*, resist its influence even while he is irresistibly becoming a convert to the theory. He could learn infinitely more than I can teach him from Bernheim, Fere, Orchorowicz, Liebeault; or if he prefers works in his ancestral tongue, from Krafft-Ebing, Lilienthal, Forel and many others of equal note and standing; but he seems bent upon testing my meager knowledge, experimental and acquired, and—I am ready to satisfy him. Probably I shall never be able to catch him off his guard as I did you, poor old sleepy Davis; but, according to very good authority, thoroughly concentrated attention is not absolutely necessary to induce hypnosis, the mere idea of it is sometimes enough to induce it. This is the reason that superstitious persons, and the negro race especially, though not always of average intellect, are generally hypnotizable. They have no incredulity, no prejudice to be overcome. They believe and yield their confidence from the start without any voluntary effort at submission or concentration of attention. We are told that 'an effect on himself which a man expects tends to appear,' also that in certain cases 'the

desired effect is attained simply by directly assuring the person concerned that the effect will appear,' which method is in harmony with the process used in the school of Nancy where they 'endeavor to create in the subject a conviction of the appearance of hypnosis, and through this to induce the hypnosis itself.' Some men believe themselves able to resist all external psychical influences" (Gabriel permitted no break in his gently enthusiastic strain as he caught the shiver that passed over Herrick), "but they deceive themselves. The very 'gauntlet thrown to hypnotism gives such ostentatious mockers an anxious notion of their own uncertainty, which delivers them up so much more surely to suggestion.' There are more ways of killing a cat than by drowning it. And were I trying to induce *rapport* between myself and a desired subject, and I felt sure the mesmeric passes would put him on his guard, or fixation of gaze, and concentration of thought would be thwarted by his obstinacy, I would try a certain amount of fascination, get control of his eyes, . . . his attention, . . . gain his confidence—or fear, . . . then startle him with the unexpected order to . . . KNEEL!"

The *bona fide* command was given in a heightened and imperative tone, and the unwary will was mastered.

"Ha! you yield to me."

"I do not!" the victimized kneeler muttered defiantly, his face working with anger.

"Oh, yes, you do! you could not possibly rise without my permission,—indeed, I doubt if you can even lift a hand. . . . Try . . . Not a success, eh? . . . See how useless it would be for you to oppose me in anything I might set my heart upon. To-night is the first time our wills have run counter of each other, but our interests have conflicted more than once, haven't they?—with Helen Dudley, for instance."

"For God's sake, Noir, release him from your horrible spell, look at his face! I believe you've got the devil's own power," exclaimed Davis, preparing to interfere forcibly.

"That is what the nigger down at the college says, the sub-janitor. But just stand aside, Charley. Less than ten minutes ago you were under my diabolical influence, and if you get in my way now I'll make an inert mass of you in a jiffy."

"You understand the situation, Philip?" he resumed, his eyes never for an instant releasing his fascinated victim.

"Yes."

"You no longer discredit my power?"

"No."

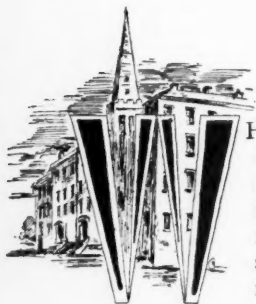
"Our wills have fought their first pitched battle?" Herrick gave bitter assent. "And mine conquered. Strategy opposing

strength may effect similar results in other conflicting relations. You have every advantage over me in personal appearance—with your yellow mane and mustaches, your violet eyes and classic brow—but it is possible that the fair Helen might be brought to prefer fiery, fierce eyes, swarthy skin, unhidden ruby lips—then we should be rivals, and the Gallic dagger might be forced to measure itself against a Teutonic sword. . . . Stand . . . we are enemies . . . we face each other . . . draw . . . defend yourself . . . Ha, ha! I should have been a goner if that sheep-skin were a blade . . . Puff! wake! . . . you are too energetic for comfort.”

Herrick came to himself in an ill-humor. Gabriel was laughing gayly, but in Davis' mirth was a deal of constraint. Herrick suspected that he had been made to play a role, and, unable to guess its nature, bade their guest a curt and resentful goodnight.

“*Bon soir*, my dear doctors, I must tear myself away. I left my keys and purse and best girl's photograph in the pocket of my jacket in the dissecting-room at the college. Think what horrid dreams the dear girl might have if her image is left to pass the night in such quarters!”

“Going to the dissecting-room this time of night—ugh!” muttered Davis, as he prepared for bed. “That uncanny little wretch revels in darkness—oh—ooh! I'm dead tired and sleepy as the deuce.”



CHAPTER II.

WHEN Davis awoke next morning it was broad daylight, but a chill gray dawn. His roommate was already up and half dressed. This in itself struck him as peculiar, and when he noted the character of the former's attire he sat up in bed and stared. Absurd as was the figure in dress trousers drawn on over night-gown, and bare feet thrust into slippers, he felt no inclination to laugh, but sprang out of bed and crossed the room to where Herrick stood dipping his hands in a bowl of water. His friend's face, rather than the crimson water or blood-spattered shirt, struck him with incomprehensible foreboding. “What is the matter with you, Philip Herrick?” he demanded, seizing his dazed companion by the shoulder.

“I have committed murder!” Herrick replied shudderingly.

Davis recoiled. "Who?—not—"

"Yes, Gabriel, . . . Oh, God, why, why, should such a thing have befallen me!"

He hurled his wild reproach at an inscrutable Providence and bowed his head in his folded arms. Davis dared not force an explanation. He had heard the confession, and he could see the effect, but he could not know just how much additional strain the tortured mind could withstand. His phlegmatic nature was, perhaps, his friend's salvation during those first few moments of realization of crime, for reason hung in the balance, and the sense of human companionship, hovering yet unobtrusive, calmed the tumult of a soul grappling with a mysterious enemy. Philip raised his head presently and looked at his companion with such calm, yet withal such hopeless, decision, as to both allay and excite apprehension.

"Charley, listen to me without interrupting. I want to tell you what has happened, now while it is fresh in my memory, for I can not be certain what moment it will all be a blank to me again; and I want you to use the information I give you. . . . Last night Gabriel hypnotized you and made you personate Dr. A., then myself, and caused you to do all sorts of mimicry completely foreign to your nature. Afterward he hypnotized me. This you will remember for yourself if the other taxes your credulity. I was conscious at the time of all he said and did, but remembered nothing when I awoke. I felt nervous and cross when he left us; my head ached and I was tired. I think I suspected he had made a puppet of me, as he had done with you, and I probably went to bed in a resentful mood. . . . I would say that I had not slept at all were it not for some foolish dreams I had about Gabe and Helen. . . . I either awoke with the impulse, or was suddenly seized with it, to follow him to the dissecting-room. I tried to resist the impulse, but could not, it overcame me. . . . I arose and dressed—as you see me now—and went down to the college. I thought at the time that I was acting in full possession of my senses and voluntarily, if I questioned my movements at all, but now I know myself to have been controlled by some influence for which I am not responsible. . . . I found him in the dissecting-room. He was getting his keys and purse and the photograph he spoke of. . . . I recall a violent sensation of hate and jealousy—it was Helen's picture—which seemed to rend me into two distinct beings, my real self looking on at the fierce attack made by the jealous brute. He had a dagger and tried to defend himself, but I drew a razor—a *razor*! think of it, Davis, a nigger's

weapon! here it is, all covered with blood—and meant to plunge it into his heart; but my hand sought his throat with a butcherly instinct from which my whole being recoiled. As he fell with his ghastly wound, he cried, 'Philip! Philip! . . . pity . . . vengeance . . . I am murdered!'"

Davis waited a full minute for the horrible confession to be resumed; but Herrick remained silent, and the look on his face indicated that all had been told.

"What happened next? . . . Philip! I say what happened next!" He was obliged to repeat his question still another time.

"Next? . . . I don't know. . . . I do not remember how or when I came home or how long I had been here when you took hold of me. The blood on my handkerchief and clothes and in that water and on my razor recalled everything to me, and I remembered not only what I had done, but also the mock attack Gabriel had caused me to make upon him while I was under his influence. . . . That is all there is to tell. You must go with me at once to discover, if possible, what I did after committing the deed, and—for God's sake, Davis, don't look at me in that way! Do you think I could discuss it in this dispassionate manner if it had been a cold-blooded murder? I have slain him, but it was through his own fatal influence; and the burden of my crime is a mental, not a moral, one."

Davis, a good, solid, ordinary sort of fellow, proved himself within the next few hours a courageous, level-headed friend and counsellor. He kept his brain clear of any metaphysical queries and theories, and devoted himself to the practical side of the question.

"Stay here, Phil, while I go and investigate this matter—here, in this room, in these same clothes. Don't speak to anybody, don't admit anyone, till I return. Trust me entirely, old fellow; you have nothing to fear, and all to gain, from throwing every ray of light possible upon this affair." He paused at the door, with his hand on the knob. "You will do as I have asked you?" Obtaining Herrick's promise, he again turned the knob, and the door came open with an ease unexpected after the resistance met with but a moment before. If it made any impression on him at the time he probably thought he had not turned the latch far enough.

The Noirs lived in New Broadway. A cold drizzling rain was falling, and the soft-coal smoke settled down and enveloped the city in a muggy atmosphere impenetrable as fog and more stifling. Davis buttoned up his coat and boarded a car.

A white servant girl was mopping up the vestibule when he

reached Gabriel's home. The Noirs could not keep colored servants; "Mr. Gabe's" reputation for "hoodooing" was too wide-spread among the negroes. Davis affected a careless manner and inquired if Dr. Noir was at home. The girl grinned at the new title and gathered up her bucket and cloths before answering. He felt a strong inclination to shake the reply out of her. It meant so much to him! And there the stupid creature stood wringing her wet rags and holding back the words that might change a horrible suspicion into a simple nightmare.

"I d'n knaw; I'll go an' see."

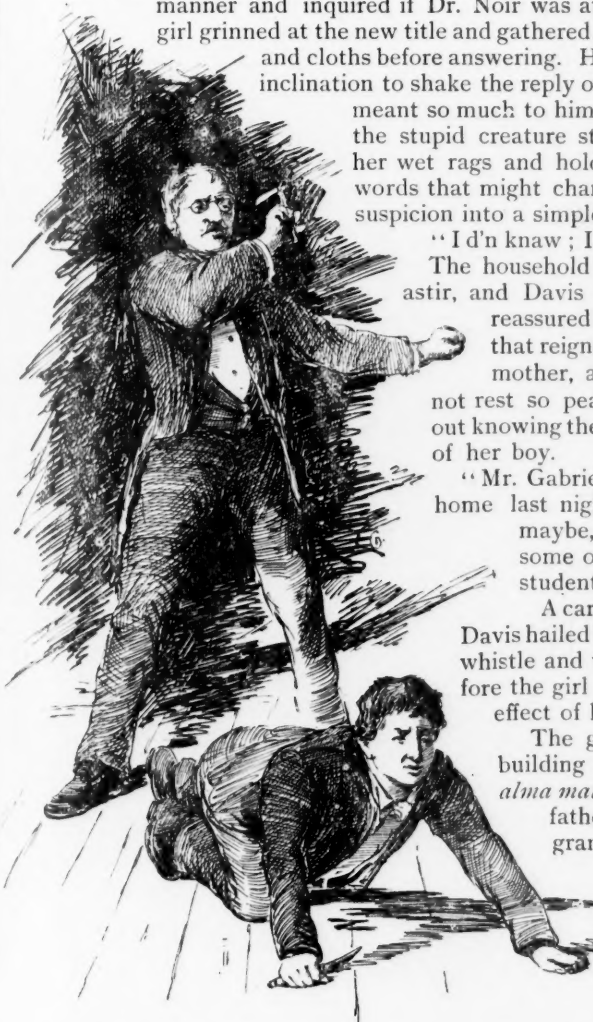
The household was not yet astir, and Davis began to be reassured by the quiet that reigned. Gabriel's mother, at least, would not rest so peacefully without knowing the whereabouts of her boy.

"Mr. Gabriel didn't come home last night. I guess, maybe, he staid with some of the medical students."

A car was passing. Davis hailed it with a shrill whistle and was gone before the girl could see the effect of her words.

The gloomy old building which was *alma mater* to many a father, son, and grandson looked none the cheerful for the mist, the smoky atmosphere, and the

deserted silence of vacation; and Davis shuddered as he entered the familiar halls. He encountered the janitor laden with brooms, brushes, mops, etc.



"De ol' Vuhsity is gwine to git its fa'well dustin' dis mawnin', sah."

He was about to pass on with a friendly nod to the old darkey when the sub-janitor came out of one of the rooms and, seeing him, pitched into his work with nervous haste.

"What's the matter with Wess?"

"Do'n know what makes Wess so oncommon spry dis mawnin', sah; spec' maybe he seen a ghost. Sperrits gwine to ketch dat niggah, suah, if he do'n' quit prowlin' 'bout dese premises 'foah daylight."

Davis went on upstairs. Halfway up he turned and called to Wesley; but the young negro had disappeared. He came down again and went out on the street, returning a few minutes later with an officer.

There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the dissecting-room as he opened the door with a private key and went in; everything was ghastly, suggestively natural looking. The last operators had not left it in an immaculate condition, and the atmosphere was heavy with disinfectants; but the sight he had shudderingly anticipated did not meet his strained eyes. No prostrate form, no disarranged furniture, no—. He started back, then leaned forward and knelt down with his face almost to the floor. Years of ingrained stains could not disguise the tint of fresh blood. The spot, larger than a man's two hands, had been smeared over with a dry cloth. A table near by bore the same stain, with the same marks of attempted erasure. The officer espied a small red ball in a corner. He picked it up and shook it out; it was a blood-saturated handkerchief, with the embroidered initial, N. He showed it to Davis.

"I leave you in charge of this room," said Davis. "Continue your search, I'll be back in about an hour."

On the way back to his boarding-house he picked up a second officer. The tragedy itself promised to develop such an unusual amount of mystery he decided to make the investigation as open and unquestionable as possible.

Herrick looked up reproachfully as they entered. "Is it necessary that I should be arrested? I was only waiting your return to go and give myself up to the authorities."

"This officer is here only to make note of what he sees. When he has finished, you can dress and we will go to the proper authorities, as you suggested."

Herrick asked no further questions and showed no excitement, no trepidation. His face was white and set, but with neither fear nor remorse, only ineffable gloom.

It was Davis' idea to collect all the corroborative evidence

possible before Herrick should make a public confession, hoping that the examination at the coroner's inquest would be the only trial his friend would have to undergo. But the complete and untraceable disappearance of Gabriel Noir's body, and the vindictive grief of his parents who railed at such a chimerical explanation as hypnotic influence, subsequently rendered it necessary that Philip be taken into custody to await a more exhaustive trial.

By the close of the day the news of the metaphysical murder had spread to the four corners of the earth, in proof whereof were early dispatches from two noted physicians of New York and from a professional hypnotizer, offering expert testimony in the case, and a cablegram from Paris beseeching the mayor of the city not to allow the theory of hypnotism to be set aside without a serious and scientific investigation.

CHAPTER III.



THE services of Dr. X., of New York, had been accepted in behalf of neither the plaintiff nor the defendant but of science. He was placed on the stand to give expert testimony in regard to hypnotism itself before applying the theory to the case in hand.

"You are a professional hypnotizer, I believe?"

"Begging your Honor's pardon, a hypnotist."

"What is the difference?"

"A hypnotizer is one who makes hypnotism a profession, whether in the character of psychologist, fakir, yogis, or what-not; but a hypnotist is one who hypnotizes for scientific or therapeutic purposes."

"What personal qualities are requisite to the hypnotizer or hypnotist?"

"That is as difficult to state as it would be in regard to any other vocation. Inclination is of course an important factor; then a knowledge of anatomy and physiology is an intellectual auxiliary; a knowledge of the mental conditions of mankind is indispensable, and experience is the most important thing of all. As to the power of personal influence and individuality, perhaps they count for more in hypnotic experimenting than in any other department of science; for hypnotism is a psychical subject, and

particular mental aptitudes in the operators insure a certain natural ability over and above their intellectual and experimental knowledge."

"What characteristics are necessary to render persons subject to the influence of hypnotism, in other words, who are hypnotizable?"

"All mankind, according to collective authority. Forel says every mentally healthy human being is hypnotizable, and Voisin claims to have succeeded in hypnotizing ten per cent. of the mentally unsound by exercising the necessary patience. 'Necessary patience' being an unlimited proviso, it can not be affirmed or denied what could be done in the course of time with subjects short of complete idiocy. However, the nervous, the excitable, the hysterical, the absent minded and vacillating, and children under a certain age are lacking in suggestibility—that is, susceptibility to hypnotic influence—and are not considered good subjects even though scientists hesitate to pronounce any of them impossible ones."

"May I ask you, Doctor, to make your meaning a little clearer to us laymen by describing the kind of subject you yourself would select for experimenting?"

"I would take a healthy man mentally, morally, and physically, with strength of will—not obstinacy—the ability to concentrate his thoughts, an intelligent knowledge of the science of hypnotism, and confidence in me as an operator."

"If such a person as you describe is the most favorable subject, how do you account for the fact that the greater per cent. of people influenced by hypnotism or benefited by hypnotic treatment are nervous, hysterical, many-ailment patients, who have tried all doctors and all drugs without finding relief?"

"Upon two grounds: First, there are more of this class of people that apply for treatment than of any other, some physicians' experimenting being with them altogether: and secondly, the term *hysteria* is so comprehensive, so misunderstood, and so misused, that every ailment not distinctly traceable to some organic trouble is apt to be called hysterical. For instance, three out of five 'hysterical' patients that come to me for hypnotic treatment are such as I have described as favorable subjects, with the exception of physical soundness. One is afflicted with neuralgic pains from head to heels; the second is a victim of alcoholic intemperance; the third is a stammerer. They believe in the power of hypnotism, they trust me as a competent and successful operator, they have the ability to concentrate their thoughts, and sufficient will-power to submit themselves passively to my directions. In their cases hypnosis

is easily and readily induced, and my dose of 'suggestion' proves more efficacious than all the physic that has been prescribed to them. But the other two are hysterical patients in the common acceptance of the term. They have all the ills flesh is heir to, and they revel in and dwell upon them (believing their afflictions render them interesting) and cling to them as tenaciously as do the insane to their delusions. Such persons find it impossible to fix their attention upon anything but themselves. The consequence is I can obtain no mental control over them, and they go away unbenefited."

"One more question of general interest, Doctor, and we will relieve you for the present. Can a person be hypnotized against his will?"

"If he complies with the prescribed conditions, yes. But this does not happen often; because a man who does not wish to be hypnotized will seldom obey instructions, however apparently he may be doing so. Again, the person to be experimented upon may be unconscious of the operator's intention, in which case his will would be neither for nor against the proposed hypnosis; and still another suggestible subject might be violently or obstinately opposed to yielding to the influence because he has confidence in its power and fears it, in both of which latter cases the operator might be successful if he were skillful enough to obtain the necessary attention without exciting the subject's active suspicion until all power of resistance was gone."

"We are indebted to you, Doctor, for a good deal of enlightenment, and—"

The eminent scientist raised a silencing hand. "I beg your Honor's indulgence a little longer. We have a case of hypnosis here, in our presence at this very moment, if you care for a practical illustration."

There was an eager but subdued assent all over the courtroom, the repression of excitement being effected by the doctor's significantly quiet manner and his fixity of gaze in a certain direction. Also, the audience was a different one from the usual criminal court assemblies and was characterized by solemnity, sympathy, and social, professional, and scientific interests.

"A certain young man whose name, even, I am unacquainted with has honored me with profound attention throughout my remarks. I had been conscious of his uninterrupted gaze for sometime before I turned and startled him with a keen look. His eyes remained fastened upon mine, and I have succeeded in holding this fascinated gaze until he is now completely under my control. I will summon him to me with the lifting of a finger—so!"

If concentration of attention is a predisposing element toward hypnosis it is a wonder the entire audience had not been transformed into rows of cataleptics, for a pinfall would have been audible, and every eye was fixed upon Dr. X. and the young man now standing beside him. The involuntary subject was the junior member of a fashionable firm of retail stationers, and was known to a larger portion of the audience, personally or by sight, and could not for a moment be mistaken for a "hired" subject.

Dr. X., out of respect for the tragic circumstance this scientific investigation was to throw light upon, refrained from any amusing mimicry and directed his influence toward substantial and convincing proofs of the genuineness, the dignity, and the importance of the now accepted science of hypnotism.

By a word, a look, a gesture the operator controlled the movements and the emotions of his subject, effecting in rapid succession terror, sorrow, joy, heat, cold, hunger, anger, etc. The arm lifted at a gesture remained fixed at a word and withstood the efforts of two men to lower it. Limbs paralyzed by a suggestion refused support to the body and would have given way but for a timely reassurance. A pencil became in his hand a weapon of defense against an attacking monster, or a school-master's ferule for punishing a refractory pupil. Only in one instance did the hypnotized man resist a suggestion. A purse was dropped, as if accidentally, and no amount of influence brought to bear upon him could induce him to appropriate it. The suggestion was repugnant to him, Dr. X. explained, and his resistance demonstrated one of the natural and most effectual safeguards against the chief danger of hypnotism.

The interesting seance was brought to a close in a somewhat dramatic manner. Before releasing his subject Dr. X. charged him: "When the clock strikes eleven you will solemnly warn the jury, 'Gentlemen, be careful you do not underestimate the power of hypnotism!'" He then waved him to his original seat in the audience, withdrew his eyes and the charm was broken. He appealed to the courtesy of the audience to refrain from questioning the lately hypnotized man until after the adjournment of court—first, to prevent any disturbance; secondly, to avoid any reminder of the command to be fulfilled at a given moment, or, technically speaking, any reminder of the post-hypnotic suggestion.

Philip Herrick was called to the stand. He, the self-accused criminal, was, perhaps, the only one in the room not more or less excited. His appearance was peculiar, in that it revealed neither fear nor anxiety, remorse nor exaggerated grief. But

few hearts, if any, refused to go out in profoundest sympathy for the quiet, unavailing sorrow that rested like a cloud, not a weight, upon a young and promising life.

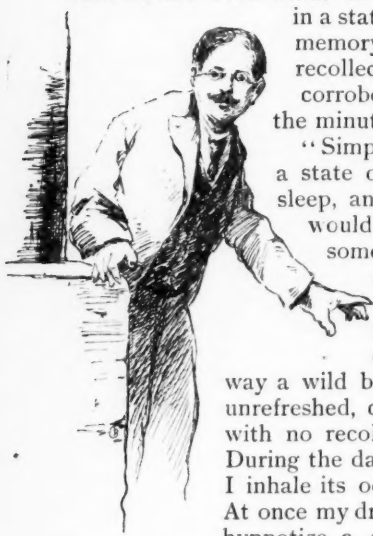
His eyes swept the audience for a face they did not find; and tears dimmed the eyes of many others who knew whom he was seeking, and further, knew the absent one to be in her silent, darkened room, unapproachable in her stony grief even by the parents who adored her. Some remembered their frank pride and love the night of Dr. Blank's reception, and contrasted that hour of sunshine with this darkened moment. They were an evenly matched pair of lovers—beauty for strength, love for love, and a future for Philip Herrick to counterbalance Helen Dudley's wealth and position. That the proud and ambitious Miss Dudley should have bestowed her hand upon the young medical student was a prophecy of what he was destined to be in the profession he had chosen. They were to have been married early after his graduation, when they were immediately to go abroad for him to continue indefinitely his studies in Paris and Vienna. But the night of his graduation had ended in a way unforeboded, and, whatever might be the legal judgment of the tragedy, there were yet other tribunals to be gone before.

After the formality of obtaining what, in this instance, was a matter of general information, namely: That Philip Herrick was twenty-two years old, was of semi-German parentage, had been left an orphan at the age of twelve years, educated in the public schools, had done clerical work during the summer to gain independent medical tuition, had won laurels and favors and appreciation on the staff to which he had early been promoted, and was destined to a snug and speedy installment in the office, if not partnership, of his preceptor, Dr. Edward Y., or "Little Neddie," as the honored physician was affectionately nicknamed by his brother-professionals. After the usual formality of such questioning, the prosecuting attorney led up to the happenings of that ill-fated night, desiring first, and particularly, a detailed account of what took place just before the separation of the friends.

The scene in the young men's room the night of graduation-day was then recounted, and a momentary relief from the gravity of the occasion was found in the narrating of Davis' forced antics and mimicry—the solid, easy-going young fellow who was standing so staunchly by his friend, and whose whole appearance precluded any idea of imposition or practical joking! But the smiles invoked were intermixed with sudden tears and sympathetic looks at every utterance of the name Gabriel—a

name spoken in a tone of tender sadness inexpressibly hopeless. He was not forced to a cold repetition, before a vast audience, of the subsequent experience that had come near depriving him of his reason, but was questioned and cross-questioned as to what had taken place before, after, and during the hypnotic trances into which he and Davis had been thrown.

"How do you account for the fact, Dr. X.," the attorney asked, turning to the expert, "that Charles Davis awoke from his trance as from a refreshing sleep and with no recollection of what he had been made to do, whereas Philip Herrick awoke in a state of nervous ill-humor, with loss of memory at the time, but with a subsequent recollection so distinct as to enable him to corroborate Charles Davis' statements to the minutest detail?"



"Simply enough. An hypnosis is no more a state of unconsciousness than is natural sleep, and many of the dreams of the latter would never be recalled were it not for some reminder. For instance, I dream of a tropical garden of wondrous fragrance, luxuriance, and beauty; but in every flower is a worm, in every shrub a serpent, in every path-

way a wild beast. I awake the next morning unrefreshed, conscious of a troubled sleep, but with no recollection of what I have dreamed. During the day some one gives me a rare flower; I inhale its odor and detect the trail of a worm. At once my dream is vividly recalled. . . . I

hypnotize a subject, obtaining perfect *rappor*t between him and myself. I suggest a concert and comment upon the programme, as if doing so while the various pieces are being rendered. I dwell enthusiastically upon a Beethoven symphony, place my hands over my ears during the crash of a Wagnerian overture, declare my inability to keep still under the effect of one of Strauss' tempting waltzes, etc., etc. I wake him and ask where he has been and what doing. He hasn't the slightest idea. I turn away and begin reading my paper. 'I see Strauss is contemplating an American tour,' I observe carelessly. The hint is sufficient, he recalls it all. . . . There is still another reason, however, for the waking condition of the two young men in question. The hypnotizer, before releasing Charles Davis from his influence, assured him that he had had a refreshing, *dreamless* sleep, indirectly suggesting amnesia, that

is, loss of memory. This would have been sufficient to dissipate any unpleasant impressions even had any exciting suggestions been made during the hypnosis. Philip Herrick, on the other hand, was subject to the intensest excitement, and when forced to an imaginary desperate deed was suddenly and heedlessly awakened by the thoughtless hypnotizer. I say 'thoughtless' because with the knowledge and experience he appears to have possessed he certainly knew the danger of waking a subject in the midst of an exciting suggestion—danger both to the subject himself and to the object of the excitement."

"You concede that hypnotism is dangerous, then?"

"In careless or unskillful hands, most decidedly; precisely as is chloroform, arsenic, electricity, or many another recognized medicinal and remedial agent."

Dr. X. was requested to take the stand again. Being an expert witness in behalf of science he was questioned alternately by the prosecution and the defense, the former endeavoring to disprove the agency of hypnotism in the commission of crime, and the latter trying to establish the irresponsibility of an hypnotic criminal.

"Dr. X.," said the defense, "you are acquainted with all the details in the confession of Philip Herrick; you have learned from depositions and witnesses that Gabriel Noir possessed the knowledge and power of hypnotizing; you have heard the statement of Charles Davis to whom we are indebted for information which has prevented a tragedy from developing into an inexplicable and criminal mystery; will you now state the scientific opinion of Philip Herrick's mental condition at the time the deed was committed?"

"It must first be taken into consideration that circumstantial evidence has established the fact that the murder was actually committed; otherwise, the prisoner's confession would be inadequate." A murmur ran through the audience. "There is nothing in the confession itself to prove Philip Herrick the victim of anything more than a night-marish dream resulting from a bungling and unscientific use of hypnotism. But circumstantial evidence having substantiated his confession, it is necessary to dismiss all idea of dream-consciousness or somnambulant delusions and consider his actions from an hypnotic standpoint.

In the first place, the hypnosis was induced strategically against the subject's will; and this in itself would tend to produce a nervous uneasiness. Next, repugnant suggestions were made, the repugnance being hazardedly overcome by the suggestion of rivalry and the consequent awakening of jealousy—an emotion that no degree of friendship can withstand. The mock

attempt being evoked with a furious energy not anticipated, the hypnotizer awakened his subject with a shock and without dispelling the illusion imposed. The result may have been an incomplete awakening which left the subject nervous, cross, and weary. He retired brooding over the subjection his friend had tricked him into. He had no recollection of what he had been made to do, but judging from his disagreeable feelings he knew that it must have been something contrary to his inclination. Possessing a supersensitive nature, a metaphysical mind, and an arbitrary will, he resented another's overpowering influence, and dwelt upon the means by which it had been obtained until, possibly, a self-induced or auto-hypnosis took place. In this condition he would recall all that had happened in the first hypnosis; and not being conscious that his condition was not a normal one, he would accept the rivalry, jealousy, and personal encounter as facts which would naturally grow in magnitude as he recalled his defeat and his rival's insinuation of a future use of the dagger. . . . It was a dangerous condition to leave a man in, very dangerous; and whether or not this sad tragedy is proven to have occurred during such a mental state, the case should go on record as a warning to ignorant experimenters who unfortunately possess the power without a sufficient technical knowledge of the science they misuse."

"Were not the scientific views just delivered," said the prosecution, taking the floor, "so freighted with *ifs*, a further investigation of this murder would be unnecessary, and Philip Herrick might be pronounced the irresponsible executor of a crime instigated by the victim himself. But, the expert opinion being merely a scientific hypothesis, it behooves us carefully to investigate whether or not a mysterious explanation is necessary for a crime committed in the heat of jealousy; also to consider well whether the jealousy was imaginary or real. Who knows what was in the hearts of those two young men? Who can say what feelings smouldered beneath a superficial coat of friendship. Mind, I do not say the friendship was such; but who can positively state the contrary? Granting that the prisoner was hypnotized, was rudely and improperly awakened, and went to bed with anger and resentment in his breast; is it necessary to explain his subsequent actions on the hypothesis of mental abnormality? What is more natural than that jealousy should be increased by a personal subjugation to a rival, that fear of this mysterious and almost supernatural influence being brought to bear upon the object of their rivalry should awaken a hatred and vengefulness that urged him to follow his rival and settle the matter then and there? He knew where to find Gabriel Noir,

in the dissecting room of the gloomy old University. Think what a fearless, light-hearted, easy-conscienced fellow it takes to go whistling off to such a place alone and at midnight ! And contrast with him the man who followed him with rage in his breast, jealousy in his heart, and a deliberate knowledge of the loneliness of the spot in which the second encounter was to take place. This time there should be no opportunity for the exercise of his rival's wondrous power, they would be on an equal footing. . . Would they ? Could a physical equality ever exist between two men of such different stature, such different build ? Gabriel Noir, with his small and undeveloped figure ; Philip Herrick, with the form and proportions of an athlete ! Fore-armed against hypnotism with wariness, forearmed against his rival with a razor ! Do you wonder that remorse and unutterable loathing for his deed have well nigh driven him wild ? The scene as it must have recurred to him over and over again is enough to harrow the conscience of a hardened criminal—the hour, the ghastly spot, the jealous frenzy at the discovered identity of the photograph, the brutal attack, the butchered victim, the agonized appeal, 'Philip, Philip, pity—'

"Stop !" thundered the judge, bringing down his gavel with a crash whose sound-waves quivered for a moment with the sobs escaping from many an overcharged breast. When quiet was restored he continued, in a voice now thoroughly under control and in a tone so commonplace and business-like as to make one doubt the significance of the dramatic command uttered a moment before : "We have proceeded too rapidly with the trial of the case in hand ; there is important evidence yet to be submitted. Detective Ross will take the stand."

"The two police officers," began Detective Ross, in answer to leading questions, "stationed by Charles Davis, the one in Philip Herrick's room, the other in the University dissecting-room, and the lady with whom Davis and Herrick board, and the microscopist who examined the two bloody handkerchiefs, all report to me facts of which I give a summary : The blood on both handkerchiefs is human blood, but not of the same person. The blood on Philip Herrick's handkerchief and clothes, on his razor-handle (the blade was clean and dry) and other toilet articles, and on the edge of the bowl in which he was discovered bathing his hands, is all from the same source ; and the nature of it, together with Officer Brown's statement that there was a tinge of blood about Herrick's nostrils before he was permitted to bathe and change his clothes, tends to convince the examiner that the source was a nasal hemorrhage. The blood on the handkerchief found in the dissecting-room and identified

as belonging to Gabriel Noir has not been accounted for, other than that it can not have come from the same source. . . . Officer Rosenthal reports the discovery of muddy footprints from the head of the stairs (the steps and lower hall had been mopped up before he got there) to the dissecting-room door, thence across the room to a hook on which hung a linen coat belonging to Gabriel Noir. In the pocket of the coat were a bunch of keys and a photograph, but no purse. These footprints were of a uniform size and, upon subsequent measurement of the shoes of Philip Herrick and Gabriel Noir, were found to correspond with that of the latter. Officer Brown searched every possible hiding place in Herrick's room for muddy footwear, but none of any sort could be found with even a dampness of soles. Lastly, Mrs. Martin, with whom Charles Davis and Philip Herrick board, was made uneasy by the late and noisy performances going on in the young men's room, and thinking perhaps as it was a special occasion they might be celebrating it with wine, and she being alone in the house except for the revelers, sat up until Gabriel Noir had gone, then slipped up stairs in her stocking-feet and turned the key on her boarders. She expected to be up in time the next morning to unlock the door before her imprisoned boarders should discover the liberty she had taken; but just as she reached the door the knob turned and her heart sank at the imagined indignation of the young men. But, as luck would have it, the effort to open the door was not repeated at once and she turned the key as quickly and noiselessly as possible and disappeared, thanking her stars that whichever one it was that was coming out he hadn't noticed the resistance."

"Yes, I did notice it," exclaimed Charley Davis, springing up, "but I thought I hadn't turned the knob far enough, and when I was done talking to Phil the door opened all right."

The judge once more found it necessary to bring down his gavel forcibly; but this time to obtain order. The greatest excitement prevailed. Herrick's friends were wild with delight, and the parents, relatives and friends of Gabriel Noir began to hope that no murder had been committed, and that his inopportune disappearance was a freak of his whimsical nature.

The trial was brought to a sudden close, and people dispersed to discuss excitedly the terrible vividness of dreams and the wonderful similarity between them and hypnotic acts, and the awful mysteriousness generally of what they had been listening to.

^a As the excited, jabbering crowd filed out, the clock began to strike eleven. Instantly they recalled what Dr. X. had commanded the hypnotized young man to do at this particular moment. They turned back hastily. The judge, lawyers, jury,

and many others, were still there. They, too, remembered, when the clock began to strike and abruptly stopped talking in order to look for the young man. He was not in sight, but as the last stroke died away he stepped from behind a column and exclaimed in an impressive voice, "Gentlemen, be careful that you do not underestimate the power of hypnotism."

He eluded the crowd and rushed out of the building. A friend intercepted him.

"Why did you say that, what did you mean?" his friend asked.

"I don't know, I don't know, I had to, I could not help it!" he exclaimed in distress and confusion.

The incident had its effect, and some could not rid themselves of the thought that a metaphysical crime had been marred by a too commonplace refutation.



CHAPTER IV.

"He dreamed it?" Helen Dudley murmured when told the extraordinary ending of the trial that exonerated Philip Herrick from a confessed crime, "dreamed it? dreamed it?"

Her mother was alarmed. She had broken the joyful news as gently as possible and had been prepared for excitement, or even a swoon, but this unnatural calm was more inexplicable than the quiet despair that had preceded it.

She refused to see Philip, or in fact any one; but her words got abroad and went from mouth to mouth until in a very short time the phrase was being repeated in every conceivable tone and with all sorts of inflections, looks, gestures, and additions. . . . He dreamed it? Queer! . . . He dreamed it? Deucedly vivid sort of sleeping! . . . He dreamed it? Dangerous habit to get into! . . . He dreamed it? Cranky business, these waking dreams!

The Noirs heard nothing from or of their son, but the very exhaustiveness of the search for his body increased their hope that his disappearance was planned and voluntary. The disappearance of the sub-janitor of the University about the same time caused a good deal of whispering among the negroes in and about Ninth street, it being their firm conviction that he had

been "hoo-dooed" and dissected alive by the dare-devil medical student who had skipped out for fear of discovery; but the comings and goings of a vagrant darkey, dropping into a job wherever he chanced to be, were not of sufficient importance to call for investigation.

If Helen Dudley's fateful words produced a sinister effect, Philip Herrick's own looks, manner and conduct went far toward



confirming it. Some said he looked as if he were sorry the murder had not been committed; others said the mental strain had been too much for him; while still others shook their heads and pronounced the investigation an obscure clearing-up of a mystery. His preceptor advised him to go abroad at once, forgetting, until reminded by a bitter smile, that the money for those years of expense was to have been a loan from Helen's father. Dr. Y. then tried to divert his mind and win him from the gloom fast overshadowing him by plunging him at once into a busy, if not very lucrative, round of practice. He met with all the rebuffs young physicians encounter even among charity patients, and probably with additional ones on account of the uncanny reports afloat concerning him. One blunt old woman said, "What did Dr. Y. send you for?" At another house he heard a scampering through the hall as he stood ringing for admittance, and when the door finally opened a scared-looking girl exclaimed, "Please, sir, ma says you needn't come in, the baby has done got well."

This state of affairs was not long in growing unbearable. He saw distrust in almost every face he encountered, and the fact that his own breast was torn with doubts and misgivings made him exaggerate the vague prejudice into suspicion, fear and aversion. He had, so far, refrained from forcing an interview with his betrothed, but had written letters that might have melted a heart of stone, and had called day after day only to be met by her father or mother with the plea, "Patience, Philip, she will be herself in a few days, the poor child is

terribly unstrung!" But matters were approaching a crisis, and he could not indulge her whim longer. He called again.

"Phil, dear boy, can't you wait just a little longer?" pleaded Mrs. Dudley, whose affection and ambition had centered very strongly in her daughter's handsome and promising lover.

"No, Mrs. Dudley, I can not; my reputation—my *reason* is at stake! . . . Bring Helen to me. I will see her in your presence, if you wish, but see her I must and will."

He walked the floor until their returning footsteps were heard. Mrs. Dudley paused outside the door and listened eagerly for the tender cries, Philip! Helen! and the significant silence that should follow; but there was only the silence, and she followed her daughter with a feeling of disappointment and anxiety.

Helen was a queenly girl, with brown hair and eyes and cold, regular features. She stood beside a chair, half-resting against it. Herrick faced her.

"Helen, do you know what the world is thinking of us?"

More than one answer trembled upon her lips, but she permitted them only the curt query, "What?"

"That I am insane, and you are *afraid* to marry me."

She reeled, and would have fallen but for her mother's quick support. "Philip, you are cruel!" reproached Mrs. Dudley.

"Not unless she agrees with the world."

"Pshaw! how can you imagine such a thing, of course she does not believe it!"

"Ask her."

"Come, Helen, child, straighten up and tell Phil he is a simpleton. The idea of being afraid of a silly dreamer! That little popinjay, Gabe Noir, isn't worth the trouble he has caused; and if it weren't for undoing the crook in Philip's brain about the voodooing little scamp I could almost wish he would never turn up again."

"The subject is too serious for jest, Mrs. Dudley. Either Gabriel is dead or I am worse than dead. The question for Helen to decide is whether she loves me well enough to share the doubt."

"I am afraid, I am afraid!" she cried, burying her face in her hands.

"Helen, Helen!" her mother cried, and Philip sank into a chair with a groan.

"No, no, no! I can not marry him, I should die of fear!" she screamed, springing up and walking the floor in hysterical excitement. "If he kills people in his sleep, or dreams he does

and then believes in his dreams, he is dangerous, dangerous! and the world is right, he is crazy, crazy—!"

"In pity's name, hush, Helen, your words doom me!"

Suddenly his whole bearing underwent a change. "Helen, yon forsake me at a moment when your love and confidence would silence not only the world's misgivings but my own. God forgive you, I never can!"

Fani Pusey Gooch.



(To be Continued.)



'SQUIRE BEASLEY.

THE death of a certain Justice of the Peace in Ohio, recently, has called attention to an evil of long standing, and the unseemly scramble for his place has temporarily, at least, abated the nuisance which his life and conduct had been. He was the second—or, possibly, the third—volume in a series of iniquity.

An idea had grown up in some way that by some special powers derived from Ohio law he and those who preceded him could make man and wife out of any young fools who chose to ask his services and pay him for them. People from his own town would elope to other States to be married according to the forms of law in those States—technically complying with them, while practically defying the spirit and intent of all legislation. But people from other States would come to him and be married without complying with any legal rule. He would simply pronounce them man and wife and take his fee. He had the same right to do so that the first man you meet on the street, or in the public road, has. Yet thousands of deluded children went home after his ceremony believing themselves married, and some of them have, in the words of the novelists, “lived happy ever after.” So long as these couples did live happily together nobody ever questioned the legality of their union or the legitimacy of their children. Whenever it was sought to establish the fact of marriage in court, either as basis for a divorce suit or to confirm the heirship of children, it could not be done in the face of any opposition or denial. It was not a marriage by the laws of Ohio, and no comity of States could make it a marriage elsewhere. Two people could take each other by the hand and declare themselves man and wife, in the presence of witnesses, and it would be just as valid in law.

Wilkie Collins, in one of his strongest novels, has dealt with this question ; and so realistically did he show the evils of it that there was legislation against the custom and a practical abandonment of the so-called "civil marriage" in Great Britain. Had he done nothing else in his laborious life this should have entitled him to a monument more durable than bronze.

By the Roman law, as codified in the corrupt and declining years of the great empire, marriage became merely a civil contract—just such a contract as man would make with man for the sale of wheat or olive oil or beeves. To put it upon that basis was the extreme of an overrefined civilization.

The Goths, the Vandals, the Franks and Germans, barbarians as they were, knew a sanctity about the marital relation which no civil law could abrogate. And the early Christian church, as the Catholic church does to-day, recognized this union of man and woman as a sacrament—a giving of one's mind to God ; a holy union of two people not truly consummated without God's blessing upon it.

With modern ideas, and that tendency to irreligion which the modern skepticism brings, we have come, more and more, to consider marriage as a civil contract. The sentimental union of the man and the woman has assumed in law—and too much in practice—the nature of a business partnership. Yet from that union the family springs ; there are children whose rights must be considered, and the law, looking to questions of property and inheritance, has wisely provided certain tests of their legitimacy. It has demanded some sanction of the State for any marriage and certain tangible proofs of legitimacy.

Young men and young women do not altogether understand these things. Boys and girls do not consider them at all. They do not talk to their parents about them, and, therefore, make clandestine connections which are fatal. If a young man should propose to his sweetheart that they rent a house and go to house-keeping together she would resent it with indignation. Yet by so doing they would be as legally married as if they had gone to this Ohio Gretna Green and had a ceremony performed over them.

Fortunately, the "Squire" in Ohio fell sick—take it not as uncharitable if we say that *fortunately* he died. While he was sick two other citizens of his town assumed his matrimonial functions. Either of them had as much right to marry eloping couples as he had ; and he had none at all. They cut the prices on each other, and, therefore, came a contest. In that contest it became public that neither he nor they had any power to make

man and wife of two young people except in accordance with the laws of Ohio as enacted. The courts had so decided time after time, and the newspapers had promulgated it. But until this question of money, this cutting down of fees, came, there was no real attention paid to the matter. People married in haste and did not repent at leisure until they wanted a divorce. Then they found that they were not married at all.

There is an outrage upon our moral sentiments in all of this, and many of the newspapers have voiced the indignation of right-thinking people. Some of them have seemed almost brutal, but they could justify themselves in any court of morals. The men who edit newspapers are nearly always fair and just and honest. Before they can dictate the policy of a publication they must be of a mature age, and are usually fathers of families. They fight for their families—for the manhood of their sons and the purity of their daughters, just as you and I do. Outside of politics and outside of personalities, the newspaper man is liable to be right. He is the health officer of our mental and spiritual community. Fallible as all of us are, he yet represents the best moral sentiment and the mental acumen of our day and generation.

To conclude, when you are determined to marry, marry decently, or not at all. You must consider your children. If the parents do not consent, wait. When both parties are of age they may wed each other by law. If they will wait until they are of age there will be less repenting. The true wife, the faithful husband, are, like poets, born and not made.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WE have spoken in these pages concerning the death of one whom we regarded as the common enemy of virtue and religion. Not wishing to speak disrespectfully of the dead, we yet referred to the blessing that we believed this man's taking off would be to our country and our children. That a man should make merchandise out of the illicit intercourse of boys and girls, under pretense of legalizing their union, was disreputable, to put it mildly, and it was proper for us to call attention to the fact, lest some other man should continue the nefarious occupation.

In the death of the poet Whittier, however, we have to deal with a quite different case. It is a case which, from our standpoint, is very difficult to deal with justly and properly in all respects. Let us try to do so as best we can.

Of Mr. Whittier's standing as a poet the more ardent of us will differ widely. He does not appeal to the passionate nature of the Young South—just as fervent in its feelings as the Old South was—and to the older ones of us he comes as the high-priest of a religion which maintained, and still maintains, that no constitution, no edict, no judicial decision could give to us any right which to him seemed wrong. Its votaries were the supreme arbiters of all things, and by the consensus of their sentiment, unrecorded as it was, and unvoiced except by their poets and their orators, their dreamers and philosophers, they were to govern every other man without any regard to vested rights or the deliverances of the courts. To him and such as he was, the murdered father, the widowed wife, the orphaned child, the burning roof-tree, and the devastated field of a pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon was a small matter if only it gave to an African an alleged freedom which he could not exercise and never had desired. Of gentle breeding and commanding intellect, Mr. Whittier, like many others of the same class, joined in, and led, this senseless and wicked crusade against their brothers of the South.

And the old stock will look upon Mr. Whittier as a politician rather than a poet, and will think upon his death with great philosophy, if not with absolute relief and pleasure. In silence the South remembers.

When a man stands upon the cold ashes of his ancestral mansion and knows that poverty and despair have driven his wife to her grave and his children to the poorhouse, it is difficult for him to accept any philosophy except that which is taught by the shotgun and the bowie-knife. He remembers that Theodore Parker and Gerrit Smith and Frank Sanborn and Charles Sumner gave their money and their sympathy to John Brown, and helped him to buy Sharpe rifles and Colt's revolvers and pikes with which to murder peaceable citizens who owned slaves under the law, and by its warrant. And he remembers that behind these people there was no argument, but merely the songs of dreamers such as Mr. Whittier.

And the poems which made this man the most fame were written with a pen dipped in the heart's blood of the South and tipped with the fire of its burning homes. That we should love him is too much to expect of human nature. But yet not yielding one particle of that dislike which we must feel, and which we do feel, let us say something of the man as a poet and philosopher. He has touched humanity in its broadest development, outside the narrow limits of his prejudice, and has done

so with the finger of a scholar, a gentleman, and a philosopher. As he says himself :

“ — The ripe grain nods,
The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers blow ;
But darker signs His presence show ;
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.”

And it is also said in the old religious writings of the Hindoos :

“ The man who is happy in his heart, at rest in his mind, and enlightened within, is one devoted to God, and of a Godly spirit; and he obtaineth the immaterial nature of the Supreme *Brahm*.”

So it was with this man who has died. The ambition of Alexander and the craftiness of Cæsar combined never caused so much bloodshed as the poems of Whittier. There are lines in which every letter meant a grave, and every syllable a family bereaved. The life of this man has brought into the world more sorrow and suffering and misery than the existences of Nero and Caligula.

Yet withal he was a Quaker and a non-combatant. There is not a word from his pen that is not pure and sweet and gentle. He was a force which did not understand itself—the electricity behind the cyclone ; the unseen, and unknown mildness which wrought destruction. He did his work, like most of us do, without knowing its importance. And to those who only look at first results, his work seems to have been a bad one. They can not understand why he should have lived at all. Yet,

“ There are, who like the seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent.”

And to this writer, who has fully, and perhaps to an extreme extent, the prejudices of a Southern man and a Confederate soldier, there comes the feeling that in one of these angel tents is the spirit of John Greenleaf Whittier. He was so close to nature ; he knew the dew, and the violet which the dew had kissed. The crocus was his companion, and his heart beat against the daisy, loving it. In all his long life his soul knew only the impulses of the spring. It knew the melting snows, the peeping grass, the early flowers. With all the prejudice we can feel, and giving full and ample credit to the harm we think he did, we can fairly say of him and of his life :

“ New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over woman ;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
 I saw the man uprising;
 No longer common or unclean,
 The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
 Of life among the lowly;
 The Bible at his cotter's hearth
 Had made my own more holy."

"And shalt thou," said the Master, "sit in judgment upon the wise man, to say that he is foolish? From heaven he hath received that which he imparts unto the world; when heaven shall bless you with more wisdom, then indeed may you speak, and he be silent—not before."

So it may not be amiss to speak of Whittier with deference. To the younger men and women of our day he is not pleasing, because he is not erotic; to the older ones of us, in the South, he is objectionable because we only see him through a mist of blood. For twenty years he will not again be heard of. Then people will begin to understand him. He classes with Wordsworth and Coleridge. He is between the two—better than Wordsworth, less than Coleridge, he must be taken for his worth. To me, in my humble judgment, he is the greatest of American poets. With time, people will come to him; they will begin to understand him after they have considered his work carefully. Now he is dead; the philosopher, the poet, the gentleman, the scholar is dead.

"Dead! do you say it? not dead!
 The soul of that man is in heaven!
 And its flavor comes back like in bread
 Comes the working of heaven."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NEAR the time of Mr. Whittier's death the dark angel came also to George William Curtis and took from us one of the most lovable characters of our time. He was no less a fanatic than Mr. Whittier, but Whittier's was by far the more potent intellect, and Whittier's influence upon American history—indeed upon the history of humanity—was immeasurably greater than his. Whittier's songs provoked secession, and more than any other agency conquered the Confederacy. One of his poems was worth more to the Union cause than a victory won by the Northern armies. In victory he cheered his people, in defeat he spurred them on to grander efforts. When everything looked dark, and hope was almost gone, the mind of Whittier

recurred to the old hymn of Luther, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," and, with that for the title of a poem, he wrote

"We wait beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast,
And mold anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand,
That, from the land,
Uproots the ancient evil.

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joys of Peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God gives us grace,
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure, and wait, and labor."

George William Curtis was as much wedded to the ideas of the extremists of that day as was John Greenleaf Whittier. Curtis was a combatant by nature, Whittier a Quaker by birth and by profession, yet those two stanzas of that one poem did more for the Union cause than Mr. Curtis could have done during the whole four years of the war. That poem gave to the Government a moral and religious backing which demanded, and secured, the emancipation proclamation from President Lincoln and practically ended the contest.

Strange to say, George William Curtis was more of a politician than Whittier. He had opinions upon all questions arising between the parties in national contests, and never hesitated to throw himself into the thick of the fight in defense or opposition. But Mr. Whittier espoused only one idea, and like "the husband of one wife" he was always faithful to that. He will be known in history as the chief apostle of abolitionism—an idea which became an accomplished fact after it had cost a million lives. Mr. Curtis will be remembered as the father of a "Civil Service Reform Bill" which all political parties endorse, and all of them violate systematically.

As politicians, the man of one idea wrote history in letters of blood on enduring tablets, grim and unyielding as the granite of New England's hills; the man of many ideas became a subject of caricature in illustrated papers and originated the name "Mugwump." The Quaker was fierce, the Mugwump was just and generous, and it is nearly always the fierce man who builds himself a monument more durable than bronze. Even Christ

used a scourge upon the hangers on of the temple and habitually spoke of the religious rulers as a "generation of vipers."

So Mr. Curtis will not live long in history. Had he committed a sensational murder, or blown up the White House with dynamite he would have been remembered longer. Guiteau and Jesse James will be talked about by school children when he is forgotten. He no doubt knew that, and in the arcanum of his blameless heart often smiled to think of it.

Yet in his quiet, gentle way he has lived for the present. Not in any narrow sense, for the man was broad, and liberal, yet true to every idea that seemed in consonance with right, and perfectly fearless in all things. His mission, whether he knew it or not, was to educate us all—it was to make us better; to make life sweeter to us; to make us understand that in death we did not altogether die. No man can quote a written or spoken thought of George William Curtis which would not better the world were it acted upon. He was too just to be a partisan; too true to be a sycophant. His intellect and his information made it certain that he would have an opinion on all matters of present interest; his moral courage and his position in the literary world made it imperative on him that he should express it. He has lived a long life, not forfeiting his manhood, not injuring his fellow man.

In literature he has filled a position very difficult to occupy, and which no other person has exactly paralleled. And one must be very wise indeed to select his successor. He was the Charles Lamb of America in the graceful diction and the playful gentleness with which he treated every subject, but he was Charles Lamb only in his style, and that style much more forcible than "Elia" had ever risen to. And in his serious moments—that is, when he felt deeply about any matter—he was based upon a substratum of Puritanism which Charles Lamb could never have understood, and certainly could not have put in words.

Let us say, without disparagement, that George William Curtis was a dilettante. To him the glint of the sea was more than the fish that swam in its depths. The spray of the great waves caught his eye; the rhythmic beauty of the ocean entranced him; at night he watched the phosphorescent track of the vessel, and dreamed, as many other men have dreamed, about the early years of his life when on the speedy sleigh he saw the same sparkles in the snow behind him. In all literature he sought the blossom rather than the fruit—he cared more for the spray than the wave.

That such a man has lived among us is a fact that we should be thankful for. That he should have been potent in the direc-

tion of our intellect is a blessing to the country. He, and others like him, have given such encouragement to young and timid writers as produced a literature distinctively American, and of which we may be proud. As a stern critic, he would have rejected the blossom and waited for the fruit. As a kindly man, he has piloted young writers to success.

Without blemish, without fault, he goes to his long home. Men who never saw him loved him, and his memory will be a sweet savor in the hearts of those who bow before a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian.

MR. SULLIVAN AND MR. CORBETT.

FROM the comparison of intellectual giants, let us turn to the fistic arena and give some notice to recent pugilistic events. The Olympic Club of New Orleans has made such sports respectable, and their three championship battles in September engrossed the attention of the American people more even than the race for the presidency :

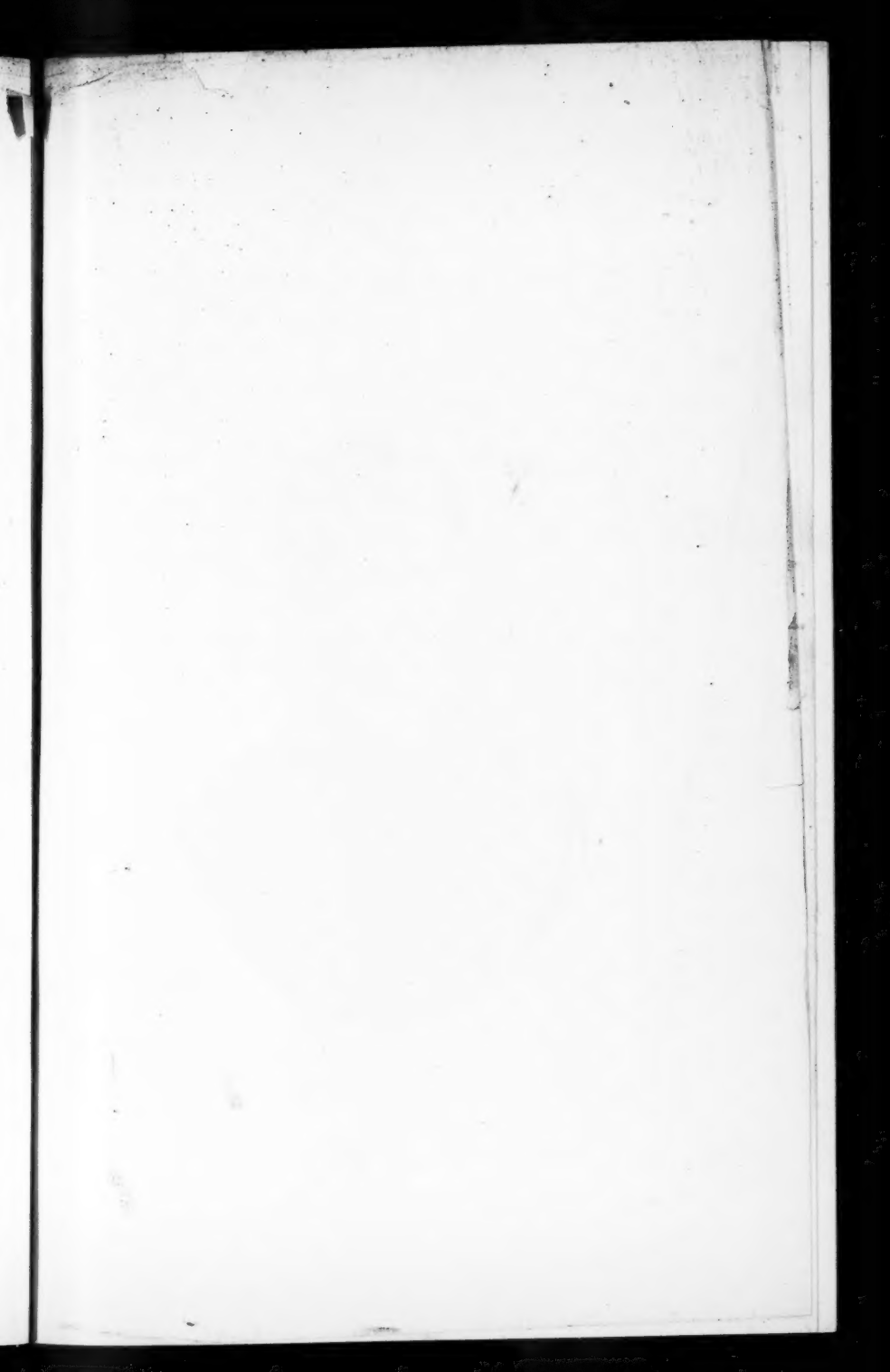
"Quadrupedante Pulcrem Soutitu Qualit Ungula Campum."

But none of these battles really excited the people except the last one, between Sullivan and Corbett. On the night when that fistic encounter occurred men all over America assembled to hear the telegrams read as each round was finished. Strange to say, nine out of ten who took any interest in the affair supposed Mr. Sullivan would win, and wagered their money freely on that idea. He had been for ten years the champion of the world—a pugilistic bull of Bashan, as it were, whose bellowing had made all adversaries quake before him. Those who met him in the ring were beaten before they began to fight, and only sought to protect themselves from punishment. He was a physical Hercules and the typical "tough citizen." It was not supposed that any one could stand before him. His adversary was a gentleman, if a pugilist can be a gentleman at all. He was the equal of Sullivan physically, his superior in science, with an even temper, perfect self-control, and the courage of a well-bred man. For the first time in his life Mr. Sullivan fought. He had never been compelled to fight before. Mr. Corbett was there, calm and cool, waiting to knock him out when the time came. He was not afraid, because he knew his power and thoroughly understood the tactics of his opponent. The result justified his confidence in himself, and even surprised his friends. He left the ring as coolly as he had entered it, with-

out a scratch or a bruise upon his body, and not even breathing heavily, while Mr. Sullivan was a battered and mangled mass of human flesh, senseless and scarcely breathing. Mind had completely vanquished matter, and the dethroned king of pugilism could barely open his swollen lips to make a speech. There was never a victory more easily won, never a defeat more crushing and humiliating.

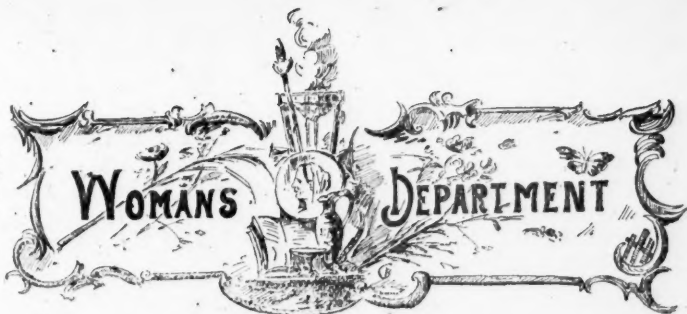
It looks strange, perhaps, that we should speak of the moral aspects of pugilism, yet this fight was an exceptional one in that it had moral aspects at all. We could justly say that on account of Mr. Corbett's subsequent conduct if for no other reason. His actions since the battle have given dignity to a profession hitherto regarded as confined to human bull-dogs. He has shown generosity, manliness and the delicacy of a gentleman in marked degree. He is a champion in good breeding as well as in physical power. Therefore, it can be said that he has given a moral status to pugilism, and a social recognition which it never had before. Men of the middle and higher walks of life will take better care of their bodies now, and it will be more common to meet the minister and the merchant in the gymnasium when they understand that the man who instructs them in boxing is himself a gentleman and not a brute. To young men having taste and ability in that direction, the profession of instructor for an athletic club will be more inviting since it will imply no loss of caste.

To the masses who have heretofore taken an interest in prize fights the victory of Corbett was both a surprise and a disappointment. Sullivan was their ideal, his ways were greatly their ways, and they felt an affection for him which Corbett will never be able to command. They regard him as cold and as feeling himself to be far above them—which no doubt he does, and has a right to do. This, together with the natural surfeit which so much pugilistic literature has brought upon us all, will allay excitement in that direction for a long time. It is not probable that many of us now in middle life will ever know of another ring encounter of such absorbing interest as this one was. So much the better for us all. Let the gymnasium take the place of the "squared circle," and let those whose occupations demand some physical relaxation put on the gloves for health, not for money or a more than doubtful glory.





MISS CURRIE DUKE.
Engraved from a Painting by Fedor Eucke, Berlin.



CONDUCTED BY ANGELE CRIPPEN.

MISS CURRIE DUKE.

"Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet?
Like snow on wave thy fallings are!
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief, who need fear,
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie
And slumbering die
And change his soul for harmony."

Miss Currie Duke the subject of the illustration given on the opposite page, was born in Lexington, Kentucky. Her mother was the daughter of Governor Morgan, and the sister of the famous Confederate hero, General John Morgan. Her father, General Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Kentucky, was not only a distinguished soldier, but is a writer of ability. He is descended from James Currie, F. R. S., the friend of Robert Burns. It is from this ancestor that Miss Duke derives her name. Very early in life she displayed a genius for music. She studied for some time in Cincinnati with Jacobsohn, and then went to Europe, where she has remained for four years under the training of Joachim. She has played in concert with Von Bulow and Joachim, and has received the most flattering reception from press and people. The Mendelssohn family have been much interested in the fair young virtuoso, and she spent her Sundays with them at Charlottenburg, and recently they presented her the famous Mendelssohn-Stradivarius violin. Think of the divine airs, the witching melodies, the "songs without words," that enchanted violin has sung!

The social successes of Miss Duke have been great. Royalty itself has paid court to this American girl.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Some one has said that October is the cup that holds the wine of the year. This saying may have come from the ancient conceit that the god Bacchus spilt grape juice over the earth at vintage time, and this colored the autumn foliage that "glorifies the world in swart October."

There is a false sentiment about the fall of the year that Bryant aggravated when he wrote his

"Melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

People think it is the proper thing to sigh and look pensive when the season is mentioned and to speak dolefully of the summer being gone. If their memory could run back a few weeks to the sweltering, perspiring, wilting, debilitating weather of that period, it might help them to be reconciled to the change of season.

Now is the time of year when the pedestrian walks with brisker step and draws longer breaths, and looks as though life did have some charm after all. It is the time of year when work seems pleasant, and not a burden too heavy to be borne.

The time of year when the people who have been engaged in the arduous labor of enjoying a rest are flocking back to the city, eager to take up their work. But let us not speak contemptuously of them, nor assume airs of superiority. There is a gain in taking a vacation, after all. If one never had a holiday, how would he know how delightful it is to work? Things always gain by sharp contrasts.

Now is the time of year when the minds of women are bent on shopping. The streets are thronged with them, the shops are crowded. What serious faces they wear, what thoughtful countenances bend over counters to inspect the novelties that are now shown. Evidently, it is no light matter to be buying new things, but on the contrary, it is a serious responsibility. Any one who attends the openings of the milliners, the modistes, and the large dry goods emporiums will plainly see that purchasing is not a hilarious act. There is no indication of merriment about it. All the pleasures come later when the pretty things are worn.

This is the time of year when the paragrapher alters his jokes. "Leaves have their time to fall," and the humorous scribbler has also his change of season. He takes out his autumn jokes with his light overcoat, and puts away his summer

witticisms with his straw hat. Next month he will be removing his woollens from their camphorated environments, and at the same time, the dusty memorandums of last winter's jokes will come out of their neglected pigeon-holes.

We have bid adieu to the summer girl. She has faithfully served her day. She was a great blessing to the languid scribe during the past season. When the thermometer was like the fellow in the poem of "Excelsior," and only lived to climb higher and higher, and when to think meant to suffer, it was so easy to turn to this interesting young female and scratch off a few paragraphs about her. It was no strain on the intellect, "no waste of gray matter," as an editor with a turn for science expressed it.

But we have had quite enough of her. We know how she looked on the piazzas of the summer hotels. How she swung in hammocks, how she danced at the hops, what she wore—or rather what she did not, but ought to have worn—when she went in bathing; how she flirted, prayed, ate ice-cream, sung, drove, rowed, kissed, dressed, laughed and ate, in short, we know all about her, from the kind of hose she wore, to her conversational powers, and we repeat we have had enough of her. We welcome a change.

She is home again with trunks filled with tumbled finery, of crumpled ball-dresses, of soiled gloves and crushed artificial flowers. As she takes these things out and puts them by, there may be regrets hidden among the folds, or a heartache that no one knows of. If there is, oh, summer girl, put it by with the rest of the useless rubbish.

"There is a new face at the door
And a new foot upon the floor."

The autumn girl has come in, with her jaunty hat and her natty tailor suit.

But the past and gone summer girl has a value as a type. She points a moral. She was useless and ornamental, like the ideal woman who has gone out.

It may as well be admitted that there is a new order of woman on the boards to-day. The languishing Amanda Fitz Allan, of the past, is as extinct as the dodo. How funny to read of her, and her airs and graces. She fainted at everything from the sight of a spider to a cross word from the object of her affections. She was a perambulating bundle of nerves and sensibility. The woman of to-day is of a more robust order. She can walk, row, ride, and she practices gymnastics. She has also learned that it is not unwomanly to be able to take care of herself if occasion demands, and, best of all, is begin-

ning to see that occupation is the greatest gift to humanity. There are growing to be fewer idle poppies among the corn every year. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that it is becoming fashionable to do something.

As a New York woman recently expressed it :


"It is good form to have a fad." Whether it is painting, wood-carving, or any of the so-called elegant pursuits, it is a step in the right direction to learn the pleasure of being busy. By-and-by they will see that it is doubly sweet to be occupied in doing something that helps some one else.

"And do these busy, capable, most efficient women care about their clothes?" asks Madam Butterfly, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, they do indeed, my friend. Take Mrs. Humphrey Ward for example, or Mrs. Burton Harrison, and you will see that a woman may be intellectual and stylish at the same time."

There are a number of women in New York to-day who are living examples of the fact that a woman can work and yet dress well. Mrs. Frank Leslie is one of the busiest women in the country, and one of the best dressed. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Lillie Deveraux-Blake, Blanche Roosevelt and many more devote time and attention to their toilettes. At any rate, they show the results of somebody's thought in this direction.

And that reminds me that in this matter of autumn toilettes it is a good thing to copy nature. She gives us most beautiful color tones in dark wine hues and shaded browns, with velvety, satiny effects in the foliage that women ought to copy in their dresses if they wish to express harmony and really clothe themselves artistically.

The *raison d'être* of a hat worn by a beautiful woman this fall was a nice adjustment of color. The hat was broad-brimmed, but cut away at the back, and made of dark brown velvet, with a roll of velvet about the crown. On the front of the hat was a number of velvet bows that had exactly the same effect as though a crowd of butterflies had settled on or were hovering near the hat. They were of different shades, running from the brownish-yellow, now called amber, to dark seal-brown. The little ends of the velvet-ribbon had wedge-shaped pieces cut out of them to give the butterfly effect (just like this ) , and those bows that seemed fluttering in air were carefully wired with very slender wires that were flexible, yet strong.

Any woman who will notice the combinations of colors that nature has on her palette can make herself a pleasing object with but little trouble. This is the reason that Virot, the great

French milliner, has achieved his reputation. He says he looks at a bonnet as a bouquet, and arranges it according to nature.

Redfern, the great English tailor, says the Empire dresses must be worn, and he is busy designing a suitable modification for the street. In the meantime, Empire effects grow more and more popular. Wide belts, or ribbons, tied close up under the arms, are worn. One very stylish mode for a house dress is to have a Watteau fold on a tight-fitting back, with a gathered yoke in front. A large, flat bow is placed on the chest, with ends of ribbons coming down under the bust, and are brought back and up between the shoulders, where another flat bow is made with long ends falling on the Watteau plait.

The latest fashion bulletin from Paris states that skirts are shorter for the street. As the season advances they will clear the ground; they are a trifle fuller, though it is almost imperceptible, and the bell skirt still "obtains." Sleeves are larger, more fantastic and be-puffed than ever, while the eccentricities in hats are not to be enumerated, they are so manifold.





A tongue tied woman is a joy forever, but they are very scarce.

A talking woman does not always have a speaking countenance.

A friend in need very often strikes you for a loan.

The cholera should be arrested on the charge of manslaughter.

John L. Sullivan's favorite quotation since his fight with Corbett is, "It is better to give than to receive."

SHE DIDN'T LIKE MABEL.

BROTHER JIM.—Do you think Mabel is entirely false?

SISTER SUE.—No, only her teeth are. Her hair and freckles are natural.

"HAD A BUSINESS LOOK."

HAYS.—Miss Krieger is a very pretty girl, don't you think so?

HOLMES.—Rather, but she has such a milk and water look.

HAYS.—Yes, but she can't help that, you know her father runs a dairy.

WANTED HIM HERSELF.

SHE.—Any one can tell at a glance that that Miss Perkins is very religious.

HE.—How, by her angelic expression?

SHE.—No, by the cross in her eyes.

"HE NEVER CAME BACK."

LITTLE BOB.—Oh, Mr. Tompkins I am so glad you have come, I want to hear you play the fiddle.

TOMPKINS.—But I don't play, my little man.

LITTLE BOB.—Oh, yes, you do. I heard sister tell ma that you played the second fiddle every place you went.

PREDESTINED.

HUBBIE.—I went to the fortune teller to-day. She said I would have money before I died.

WIFEY.—Oh, I am so glad. But, darling, did she seem perfectly certain?

HUBBIE.—Yes, dearest, she said I would steal it the first chance I got.

STRONG FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

JINKS.—What on earth is the matter with that Mrs. Heiser? She has such a perplexed look.

MISS BLINKS.—Yes, you know she married one of the twin Watson boys; they live together and she don't know which one to run and kiss.

A VISIT TO "UNCLE SAM."

Gilbert was journeying to Washington with his mother to see his uncle Sam R——y. The conductor, attracted by his bright face, inquired in passing, "Where are you going, little boy?"

"I'm going to Washington to see 'Uncle Sam,'" was the innocent reply.

The conductor passed on, convinced that he had talked to the smartest boy in the world.

COULDN'T STOP A PIG IN A GATE.

MR. SAPP.—Have you noticed, Miss Brightie, that I am always the greatest beau at every social gathering? Can you account for it?

MISS BRIGHTIE.—Yes, very easily. You have such bow legs.

"HAD A DEAD CINCH."

BACON.—I saw a man get ahead of a plumber the other day.

BACKMAN.—He must have been a good man.

BACON.—He was. It was preacher Briggs—the plumber was right behind him in the hearse.

WANTED THE REGULAR SALARY.

Little Jake Bowers turned the hose on the nurse the other day and nearly drowned her. She went immediately to his mother and demanded that her wages be raised to eight dollars per week.

"Why what for, Mary?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Bowers.

"Because I'm a wet nurse, to be sure."

HENRY WAS ALL RIGHT.

MRS. HIGHTONE.—Your boy Henry is a strong, healthy looking boy.

MRS. PARVENU.—He ought to be. He eats healthy.

PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

MR. AISEL.—Have you ever noticed that everybody laughs at my witty sayings?

MR. SHARP.—Yes, it's the same way at the circus; everybody laughs at what the clown says there.

AN EDITOR THAT SHOULD BE FIRED.

A boy in the country set fire to his mother's dress and she was burned to death. The editor of the local paper referred to the occurrence as a bad case of son-burn.

WHAT IS THE LATEST THING OUT.

BOY.—School.

MAN.—My wife's bonnet.

YOUNG LADY.—The gas when my beau calls.

WOMAN.—My husband.

"IN DARKEST KENTUCKY."

KENTUCKY BOY.—Papa, who makes the moon shine?

KENTUCKY PA.—I don't know, my son; that is the very thing the Government is trying to find out.

HE EUCHRED HIM.

Last week a solitary pedestrian might have been seen walking past the City Hall, and he might have been heard ten times as far as he could be seen, for he was inebriated in the latest cut

and most approved fashion, and his voice was elevated a great many degrees above a conversational tone.

His walk was considerably biased, and his talk, or rather yells, awoke the echoes between the buildings on both sides of the street.

It was no common yell, although it might have been called yellow, for the burden of it was "Hurrah for Jeff Davis," and the scene was laid some twenty-seven years back.

He was evidently renewing his youth, or maybe this was his second time on earth; at any rate, he made himself so attractive that a faithful, but slightly bow-legged and greatly red-headed guardian of the peace, traveling at a double quick, soon overtook him and in military parlance ordered him to halt.

At the command, the owner of the rebel yell drew himself up and placed his heels together as best he could and responded with, "Who (hic) comesh there?"

"O'i do, and yeesh come here, o'i arrist yeesh."

"By whosh orders?" (up)

"By the chaif's orther, he saw yeesh pass and orthered yeesh up."

"Did, did he? Whash (hic) trumps?"

"Clubs is what o'iv got in me hand and thot's what we'll play."

The owner of the yell suddenly struck out with his good right hand and the policeman was knocked "as flat as a flounder." By the time he regained his feet the last of the rebels had disappeared.

The son of Erin walked off with a down-cast expression, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Bedad, he had an invinchible hand and wint it alone."

George Griffith Fetter.

"A TOWN WITHOUT A DOCTOR."

A solitary equestrian, dust-stained and saddle-sore, "pulled up" his horse in front of one of the three stores in a Southeast Kentucky village. He was young and rather handsome, and his semi-dudish appearance and smooth white skin clearly indicated that he was lately from the city and unused to country life.

Tipping his derby to a native, who sat leisurely whittling the top of a pine goods-box, he accosted him with the commonplace salutation "good day, sir."

"You air 'bout right, stranger, purty fine day."

"I believe this is Black Jack," ventured the new arrival.

"You air zackly right," replied the native, "this air sho'ly Black Jack."

"My friend," continued the horseman, "my business in this

country is to find a suitable place to locate and practice my profession. I am a medical doctor, and have recently graduated with high honors from the medical department of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville. How many physicians have you in this town?"

"Na'ry one."

"Then this should be a good place for me to locate."

"Mout be, an' then agin it moun't."

"I don't understand—have you never had a physician here?"

"Yes, one cum erlong here 'bout er month ergo an' hung out his shingle."

"Where is he now?"

"'Bout five feet under ther ground up thar in ther graveyard."

"He died, then?"

"Yes, erbout two hours arter the shootin'."

"You don't tell me you kill doctors in this country?"

"'Pends on how they practice."

"I am in quite a hurry to reach the next town before dark, will you please explain?"

"Well, sir, that fellow cum inter this here vercinity 'bout ther time Tim Johnson was on er pow'ful spree, and Tim was mighty po'ly an' seein' er whole passel of snakes, monkeys, an' sich like, an' this here doctor he 'lowed as how he could sho'ly cure him. So they sarnt for him an' when he cum he pulled er squirt gun on Tim an' pumped er whole passel er stuff in his arm he called some kind er gold, an'—

"Oh, yes, he gave him the Keeley Bi-Chloride of Gold treatment."

"That's ther name, an' when Tim got well he hunted up that fellow an' sed, 'Doc, I don't seem to hanker arter lickin' any more, what you reckon's ther matter with my inards?' Then ther doctor up an' told Tim how that stuff works on folks an' how his appetite for lickin' was furever gone, and when he got through Tim jist pintedly pulled his gun an' pumped him fuller lead."

"What did they do with Johnson?"

"Never was 'rested, but he hung hisself shortly arterwards."

"The murder preyed upon his mind and ran him crazy?"

"No sirree! Tim was as sound as er Mexican dollar. But ther po' fellow 'lowed as he'd druther be dead than living with no appetite fur lickin'."

"Well, I must be going—good day."

"You air 'bout right, stranger, it's er purty fine day."

John H. Crain.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Since the days of George Eliot's mighty works few English novels have obtained a wider reputation than "Lorna Doone" and very few certainly have better deserved their reputation. The book forms one of the first links in a chain of epoch-making works which, continued in Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," and reaching to Hardy's masterpiece of our own time, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," will represent to the future student of nineteenth century literature the reaction against the school of subtle metaphysical analysis and the revival of the interest in robust, heroism of the muscular sort in a more or less minutely antiquarian setting.

But Blackmore is more than a mere antiquarian romancer. It may be doubted whether his details in the matter of hauberk and doublet, his reproductions of seventeenth century life and speech are comparable to Sir Walter's. In the management of that autobiographical form in which "Lorna Doone" challenges comparison by following in the footsteps of "Henry Esmond," it may be said with confidence that Thackeray must still remain master of his own quaint, delightful method. Only in the field of landscape, and Exmoor landscape at that, does Blackmore prove himself, in this wild, mist-hung tale, at least the peer of any who have put the English vocabulary in the frequently deprecated service of word-coloring.

Certainly he who would indulge in word-painting must make good his excuse for employing words as they have never been employed, outside of verse, until our own day. Whether the author of "Lorna Doone" establishes his claim to toleration as a painter in words may be left without anxiety as to the issue to all lovers of nature who have read the story of John Ridd's expedition to catch loaches. Those who have never read that wonderful chapter and its equally wonderful sequel—we purposely refrain from giving the numbers, believing the jewel worth the search—are confidently recommended to take the passage as a specimen of Mr. Blackmore's claim to rank with the prose-painters whom Ruskin leads.

The more serious purpose of literature, however, is not the delineation of nature, but of man. Of the characters in this book, we are inclined to think that the least forcibly drawn is that of the heroine. Di Vernon we know; and Flora Melvor we know; with Becky Sharp our acquaintance seems painfully close and personal, no lady of our own set is more intimately familiar to us in every detail of her character than Dorothy Brooke or Magsie Tulliver, but Lorna Doone, it must be confessed, is almost as shadowy as the Exmoor landscape in its veil of fog. How she lives in the Doone hollow, how she afterward acquires, at such short notice, a taste for antique tapestry and an aptitude for court life, we are neither told nor inspired to guess. The one feature in her character which seems to throw her up on the canvas is her sense of humor, and of this the indications are not so decided as to supply all the relief that might be desired. Betty Muxworthy is, in our humble opinion, the gem of figure drawing in all this great gallery of old-fashioned humanity. Her "Men is desaving, and so is galanies," is worthy in its power of individualization to compare with the famous utterances of Dickens' most famous male characters.

Take it altogether, "Lorna Doone," with all its shortcomings, is a book well worthy the charmingly artistic dress in which the Burrows Brothers Company have once more presented it to the reading public on this side the Atlantic. The boards of this edition are appropriately ornamented with that astounding coat of arms granted by his Majesty, King James II, to his trusty and well-beloved Sir John Ridd, Kt., but for which ingenious device it was left to the queen to pay from her own privy purse. Among the many beautiful illustrations the winter landscapes, by Henry Sandham are especially beautiful. Altogether, the publishers of this new issue of a work which will fall but little short of being a classic are to be congratulated on the success of a richly-deserving enterprise.

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," by Charles Kendall Adams, LL. D., President of Cornell University. If it be true that there is a time for all things, this is surely a fitting season for disabusing our minds of all sentimental notions, however iconoclastic the process may prove, in regard to one Christoforo Colombo, born presumably at Genoa, though his natal spot is disputed among as many towns as his features among artists; and an equally fitting occasion for enlightening ourselves as to the manners and morals, customs and conditions of the times which evolved a man for

the grand and glorious work that many had dreamed of but none with the faith that removeth mountains of opposition, ridicule, envy and persecution. Genius does not consist in conceiving great things so much as in executing them. Any fool can wish for the wings of a dove; a child may cry for the moon; and the humblest of us sees the advantage of perpetual motion; but honor to him who shall make them a *fait accompli*.

Dr. Adams' succinct history is admirably adapted to dispelling illusions and placing the discoverer before us in the garb of everyday, if exceptional, humanity instead of the pedestal paraphernalia with which we are wont to drape him; yet the author is positive enough as to his main facts to be reassuring to those who have been so put to sea by Columbian literature as to question the literal feat in connection with the explorer himself.

The book appears in the neat volume characteristic of the "Makers of America" series, and has for frontispiece the Lotto portrait of Columbus. The Lotto portrait may be no more authentic than the Cogoletto, the Navarrete, the Altissimo, or others; but it has the merit of being neither monkish nor theatrical in mien, but simply reflective—the reflections not of creative genius, but of indomitable perseverance. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

"LOVE FOR AN HOUR IS LOVE FOREVER," by Amelia Barr, author of so many good novels that the *raison d'être* for this one is inexplicable, is a plotless sentimental story of English country life with three pairs of lovers, of graduated ages, who vie with one another in exclamatory affection. To borrow a contemporary's opinion of a similar story, "The book may interest persons who care for that sort of thing written in that way." Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

"CHATS WITH GIRLS ON SELF-CULTURE," by Eliza Chester, in the "Portia Series," is one of those happy efforts that goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

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J. S. Black

At the age of Sixty-five. Engraved from a Medallion, made
by the Hon. J. Proctor Knott.